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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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The Snap-Bean Sage

NO one today would question the greatness of Mark Twain or of Walt Whitman, among American writers. They have assumed heroic proportions in our pantheon. But there is another name we would set by theirs, the name of a writer who still represents our South by right of literary conquest. He gathered his material as a boy by the flicker of a light-wood knot on the hearth of a cabin in the slave-quarters of a great plantation. He first rendered into authentic dialect informed with true poetic melody (despite his deference to the work of the young Texan, Irwin Russell) the camp-meeting hymns and the corn-shucking songs of the negro quarters. He sent the inimitable tale of the Tar Baby around the world and made the name of "Uncle Remus" internationally known. The work of Joel Chandler Harris is a national heritage.

The Remus legends, we know from his own pen, were not written with an eye to their importance as folk-lore. No one was more surprised than Harris at the correspondence in regard to them that poured in upon him from learned philologists and folk-lore students the world over. "I had no more conception of that (of their folk-lore value)," he replies, "than the man in the moon." The first Uncle Remus story was written, he tells us, as a study in dialect. It was as a natural genius at conveying the exact speech of the old plantation that Harris reached his first eminence. As Mark Twain said of him, "the stories are only alligator pears—one eats them for the sake of the dressing." It was at mixing the dressing that Harris excelled. Otherwise he regarded himself at first as a mere compiler of familiar sectional legends.

A later phase came that proved beyond question, if proof were needed, Harris's possession of a creative imagination of the first order. This phase was not that of his "serious" novels. "Gabriel Tolliver" and "Sister Jane" are today forgotten. But the series of books for children involving Little Mr. Thimblefinger, Sweetest Susan, Buster John, Drusilla, and, later, Aaron, the son of Ben Ali, while drawing in part upon the eternal myths native to the oak and hickory forests, the red-clay roads and the cotton-fields of old Putnam County, Georgia, also unfolded a sequence of utterly fantastic and tragi-comic incident that could only proceed from the fertile brain of a born story-teller of major importance.

Of course, from the time that Mr. J. C. Derby of Appletons ferreted out "old Brer Rabbit" in Atlanta and brought "Uncle Remus: His Songs and His Sayings" between covers, the pedants came hue-and-cry after the native hare. Before 1880 the Tar Baby had been translated into Bengali and African and had inspired learned monographs in Europe. And meanwhile he who had succeeded to the column signed "Uncle Si" in the *Atlanta Constitution*, with a new departure featuring "Uncle Remus," merely remarked that he had "walloped three or four darkies together into one person" to constitute that immortal literary character.

Yet he went to the root of the matter in his rather astonished correspondence with the scholars, averring that in the Brer Rabbit stories "it is not *virtue* that triumphs, but *helplessness;* it is not *malice*, but *mischievousness*," which, after all, is all that is needed to underline their significance as the folk-lore of the slaves of the American cotton plantations.

Joel Chandler Harris stands today among the greatest few writers of dialect in the world. All his days he was a Middle Georgian, as native to a period as the hoe-cake, the yellow yam, the chincapin and the muscadine. No other hand has so perfectly preserved negro balladry as that which penned, in the last quarter of the 19th century, for the pages of *The Atlanta Constitution*, the revival song whose stanzas ended "Oh Lord, fetch de mo'ners up higher!"

Harris learned the printer's trade on the old "Turnwold" plantation, where he was a typesetter on Turner's *Countryman*. He finally began to establish a reputation for his paragraphs in the *Monroe Advertiser*, in Forsyth County. He proved a standby on the *Savannah Morning News* and the *Atlanta Constitution*. In late life *Uncle Remus's Magazine* was established for him. His service in journalism was long and honorable.

As for the quality of his mind, here was a man whose favorite book was "The Vicar of Wakefield," a writer who richly relished Dumas, the clarity of the writing of Cardinal Newman, Swinburne's marvelous melody, and the prose of Sir Thomas Browne. Though his feeling for the provincial tale of unquestionable authenticity responded to the work of Mary E. Wilkins, in a tribute from Georgia to the state of Maine, he could also shrewdly appreciate Edith Wharton in remarking that "she presides over the destinies of the Buzzards she has chosen to depict with the grim impartiality of fate itself."

And here also was the human being who most enjoyed "a whirl at Kalamazoo whist" and "a cold night, a hot fire, and taters in the ashes." A devoted husband and father, "Brer Rabbit" died devoutly, but the twinkle in the eye endured to the last. Always utterly human, cherishing his own kind in his own place, working in the material nearest to his hand and his heart, Harris developed his own peculiar gift to its utmost, and, in so doing, made a large and lasting contribution to our literature. Shy and shrewd and incurably modest during his life he remains one of our greatest truly American writers.

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The Golden Corpse

(For Donald Malcolm Campbell)

By STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT

STRIPPED country, shrunken as a beggar's heart,
Inviolate landscape, hardened into steel,
Where the cold soil shatters under heel
Day after day like metal cracked apart,
Winter Connecticut, whose air is clean
As a new icicle to cut the throat,
Whose black and rigid trees will not demean
Themselves to swagger in a crystal coat.

I hate you as a bastard hates his name
When your cramped hills are hostile with the white.
But, every year, when March comes in the same,
A frozen river rolling in the night,
I must go back and hunt among your snow
Something I lost there, much too long ago.

* * *

IT was not innocence, it was not scorn,
And yet it had these names and many more.
It was a champion blowing on a horn,
It was the running of a golden boar.
It was a stallion trampling the skies
To rags of thunder with his glittering shoes,
It was a childish god with lazy eyes,
It was an indolent and reckless Muse.

More than all this, it was a spirit apart,
Purely of fire and air and the mind.
No fear could eat the temper from its heart
Nor any fleshly bandage make it blind.
It was a broken lightning in the blast.
It was the first of youth, and it has passed.

* * *

I LEFT it in a bare and windy street
Between two sets of bells whose casual chimes
Answer each other, janglingly and sweet,
Like the concord of long-repeated rhymes.
I left it in a since-demolished bar,
And underneath a rain-streaked paving-stone.
And, men and things being what they are,
The hidden ghost had better couch alone.

I shall not rattle with an iron fist
The relics, scattered into sticks of chalk,
Of what was once the carcass of a hawk
That sat like Wrath on an archangel's wrist.
Nor disinter, to make my house look smart,
That thunder-broken and ferocious heart.

* * *

MEN that dig up a mandrake know dis-ease.
This body is committed to its bones
Down where the taproots of New England trees
Suck bare existence from the broken stones.
All summer cannot quicken it with heat,
Nor Spring perturb it with a budding bough,
Nor all the glittering devils of the sleet
In snowing Winter rack its quiet now.

But, in October, when the apples fall,
And leaves begin to rust before the cold,
There may occur, by some unnoticed wall,
A sigh, a whisper in the rotten gold.
A breath that hardly can be called a breath
From Death that will not yet acknowledge Death.

(Continued on next page)

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UNNOTICED—for the years have hardier tasks
Than listening to a whisper or a sigh.
They creep among us with a bag of masks
And fit them to our brows obsequiously.
Some are of iron, to affront the gay,
And some of bronze, to satirize the brave,
But most are merely a compost of clay
Cut in the sleepy features of a slave.

With such astuteness do they counterfeit
We do not realize the masks are on
Till, gaudy in our folly, bit by bit
We notice that a neighbor's face seems drawn.
And then, with fingers turned to lumps of stone,
Touch the inhuman cast that was our own.

* * *

THERE is no doubt such workmanship is sage,
The bound and ordered skies could not abide
A creature formed of elemental rage
For longer than a moment of its pride.
The hand that stooped to Adam from the cloud
And touched his members with a fiery spine
Designed as well the pattern of the shroud
That should convince him he was not divine.

And there are sorceries more excellent
Than the first conflagration of the dust,
But none are quite so single in intent
Or unsophisticated with distrust.
The ripened fruit is golden to the core.
But an enchantment fosters it no more.

* * *

THEREFORE, in neither anguish nor relief,
I offer to the shadow in the air
No image of a monumental grief
To mock its transience from a stony chair,
Nor any tablets edged in rusty black.
Only a branch of maple, gathered high
When the crisp air first tastes of applejack,
And the blue smokes of Autumn stain the sky.

A branch whose leaves cling to the withering staff
Like precious toys of gilt and scarlet paint,
An emblem Life and Death share half-and-half,
A brittle sceptre for a dying saint.
Unburning fire, an insubstantial Host,
A sleeping cloud, a beauty of the ghost.

* * *

SO much in memory. For the future, this.
The checker-boarded house of Day and Night
Is but a cavern where a swallow flies
To beat its wings an instant at the light
And then depart, where the incessant storm
Shepherds the planets like a drunken nurse.
It does not need an everlasting form
To dignify an ecstasy so terse.

But while the swallow fluttered and was quick
I have marked down its passage in the dark,
And charred its image on a broken stick
With the weak flame of an uncertain spark.
The fire can have it now, the rain can rain on it,
And the ice harden like a god's disdain on it.

Some thirty years ago, on the initiative of a group of English men of letters and with the coöperation of James Russell Lowell, funds were raised for the erection of a memorial in Canterbury to Christopher Marlowe. The money collected, however, was insufficient for the completion of the monument, the pedestal of which was left with three inches unfilled. It is now proposed to finish the sculpture, and a new and representative committee to secure the necessary financial support for it has been organized. Donations may be paid into the account of the Marlowe Memorial Fund, Midland Bank, Ltd., 69, Pall Mall, London, S. W. 1 or to Miss Joyce Brown, 33, Bloombury Square, London, W. C. 1.

Poetry and Non-Poetry

EUROPEAN LITERATURE OF THE 19TH CENTURY. By BENEDETTO CROCE. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $6.

Reviewed by ARTHUR W. COLTON

"POETRY and Non-Poetry" was the Italian title—with an intelligent bearing on the thread of continuity running through them—of these miscellaneous essays on nineteenth century literature, which, Signor Croce says in his Preface, he had hoped "to complete and continue in such a way as to furnish a fairly adequate picture of the poetry of that period—Poetry in what should properly be the task of literary criticism and history, although a good many writers who pretend to be professional critics are too apt to forget this fact." The translator however has not only seen fit to alter the title to something the author did not pretend to, but to emphasize the unauthorized claim in his Introduction.

The quotation from Croce's Preface points to three interesting things about him, his combativeness, his positive and unqualified generalizations, and his meaning by the word "poetry."

After all, he is not so pugnacious as Papini, and is a better balanced as well as equally suggestive critic. Moreover, a point made in opposition does seem to have more edge to it than a point made in non-contestant meditation. Combativeness is a method of approach. But when one has noted the amount and kind of literature which he decides is not "poetry," the assertion that "poetry" (poetry only being more or less implied) "should properly be the subject of literary criticism and history" is not a generalization for a philosopher to be proud of. Finally, the Crocean definition of poetry is essentially the one associated with Coleridge, though doubtless not original even with him! The antithesis of prose is not poetry but verse. Prose and verse are forms. Poetry is the spirit within, a something pulsing beneath the form and creating beauty. Whatever may happen to *poesia*, the word poetry in usage will never stay within that enclosure. It will always have more meanings than one, and one of those meanings will always have something to do with recurring rhythm. But for the purpose of literary criticism the Coleridge-Croce definition is probably more useful than any other.

* * *

To question Croce's competency to make "an adequate picture of European literature of the nineteenth century," and decide values over that vast expanse on the basis of any æsthetic principles which he may have formulated, is not to question that his knowledge is unusual and his acumen very great. His "cult" no doubt has grossly exaggerated his critical preëminence. These essays are vigorous and sensible rather than brilliant or profound. The question is first, whether anyone is so competent. The excursions of nearly all criticism outside of the literature of the critic's own language are relatively amateurish or conventional, and the values most fatally missed are those intangible, illusive things which are blended in the glow and fragrance of the language. Bold and clangorous things—flaunting, sturdy, unmistakable things—large design and salient features,—may leap the barriers of the alien tongue! But the shy flowers, and all things most lovely and most secret, stay in their own meadow, and no one whose mind is not by birth and growth and long association compact of its intimacies has the clue to their secrets. It may safely be assumed that the native critics are right about the relative values of their own literatures within their own borders, and the foreign critics wrong where they differ. I can feel the skill of Molière, and a Frenchman the power of Shakespeare; and if I quote him "absent thee from felicity awhile," and he responds with a line from Racine, I can see that he is affected in a somewhat similar way; but neither of us feel directly what the other feels from the line he has quoted, and it is no use pretending that we do. Signor Croce writes of Shakespeare, in his book called "Ariosto, Shakespeare and Corneille," with learning and intelligence; he sees characters, plots, and problems posed by critics; but he does not see the glint and shadow of the language, and feel the subtle intonation of the Shakespearian phrase, as we see and feel them. And that is vital. It is more vital to Shakespeare than to Corneille, or even to Ariosto.

Second, it is questionable whether a critic, who approaches any work of art with a preconceived doctrine of æsthetics, is not more handicapped than helped by the possession.

A generation ago there was a lively controversy between Brunetière, who was a disciple of Taine, and Anatole France, who was an extreme individualist and thought criticism no other than personal reactions: "I propose to discuss myself apropos of La Fontaine and Pascal." We need not go so far as that in order to see that the "scientific" Brunetière was no sounder critic than the whimsical France, and far less entertaining. There is illumination in Taine's theory of literature as a social product, but it led him to write the most wrong-headed book ever produced by an able man on the history of English literature. And, returning to Signor Croce, it is discernible enough that his good sense and suggestiveness are qualities of his mind rather than the product of his "Æsthetics." He says that if Brunetière had not lacked both æsthetic culture and philosophical training it would not have been difficult for him to discover that the "social novel, is not at all a form of art, but simply a didactic scheme." It needs neither æsthetic culture nor philosophical training to discover that. It only needs good sense. Brunetière did not lack culture or training, so far as effort and erudition may acquire them, but he was rigid and doctrinaire, and lacked the saving corrective of that good sense, which saves Signor Croce himself from many a pit into which faith in an infallible doctrine of æsthetics is apt to betray its devotee. So far as æsthetic culture and philosophical training produce a fresher and wider vision, every critic needs all he can obtain; but so far as they only furnish him with skeleton forms and definitions which he calls principles, he were better off in experimental innocence. The best critic is not the man of doctrine and deduction, but the man of penetration and judgment.

* * *

Signor Croce, then, is happier in his perceptions than in his generalizations. He makes judicious comments, and then refers them to principles more judicial than judicious, too emphatic as well as too sweeping for the exceptions and qualifications which crowd around them. The principles of the "Æsthetics" seem most discernible here in making him certain of doubtful things, dogmatic on questions which only smile and remain questions. "Literary criticism" he announces, "should be truly scientific." Literary criticism never will be anything of the kind, and those who claim the method and certainty of science will still be as unauthoritative and individual as their less positive brethren. They will put over a personal face the artifice of a mask, which is apt to be a blinder when it comes to specific acts of seeing. Literary criticism may be philosophical if that happens to mean anything. But poetry is as the wind which bloweth where it listeth. The measure wherewith you measure it only measures itself. You build a cage for it, and find only yourself in the cage, with the wind blowing through the bars. Put not your trust in syllogisms. Poetry has more aspects than the Old Man of the Sea. Its roots are buried in the earth and its head hidden in clouds. It is as complex and inconsistent as humanity. A literary theory may classify by classification, but when it begins to dictate, its usefulness is over.

* * *

There is no International Court of Apollo, sitting in equity and delivering even handed justice, and only in the long regard of time is there anything approaching it. There is nothing for surprise or complaint that Croce champions the Italian poets, nor any necessary question of his indignant claim to be "free from national feelings," at least any intentional or conscious. There is only a demurral to the apparent claim that his "Æsthetics" contains the code of law for the Court of Apollo, that the only counsel properly qualified to practice before it are such "as understand art philosophically," and are "truly scientific" in literary criticism, and hence have "theoretical certainty." The claim is unnecessary for our recognition of Signor Croce as one of the sanest and most vigorous and suggestive of modern critics.

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Particles of Human Dust

REAMER LOU. By Louis Forgione. New York: E. P. Dutton Co. 1924. $2.

Reviewed by Constantine Panunzio.

WHETHER with conscious purpose or by divine accident the author has presented the first authentic picture, in fiction form, of the American-born child of the immigrant—and herein lies the social significance of this volume.

Lou, the son of an Italian immigrant family from Abruzzi, is set adrift by the death of his parents when he is very young. As he grows older his austere old Aunt Rosaria, with whom he lives, and her "tall tranquil-eyed saints," with candles ever burning before them, cannot hold him. And having no other guides he sets upon the drifting life. He leaves his native town in Pennsylvania, goes to Staten Island and to New York for "those unforgettable two and a half years."

Strong, handsome, a good worker—when he works—conscious of and glorying in his prowess, unbridled and unguided, before he is aware he is enmeshed in a whirl of fights, drinking bouts and love affairs. He loves the strong, hates the weak and feeble. "Pen pushers" he abhors. Skinny, "splinter" arms he feels like breaking. He fights, fights hard. In ship yard, boarding house, on deserted roads. And he always wins.

But he loses, loses because of his incapacity to liberate himself from the clutch of the immigrant community in which fate has set him. Nothing but Danes and Poles, Ukranians and Russians, Irish and Scotchmen, French and Spaniards, and of course Italians. And how he detests some of them! Just across the street is America, but he is impotent to get there. "I have lived always on the threshold. I have never known the real America." Repeatedly he tries to free himself from the grip of the unsightly and ungodly, unwieldy and merciless town. Out into the channel he swims just to get one moment of silence, one breath of fresh air, away from the filthy crowds that swarm upon the shore. "I would go away, out into the great free world, to the north woods—or to sea." But no! The talons of circumstances, the absence of vital contacts with that other world pin him where he is.

"You people up there in your cold heaven of fanciful righteousness" . . . look at Lou! See "the tragedy of young men who immigrate here. The young men who have to live in rotten boarding houses; who learn bad habits with all the eagerness of children; who never get married—who can't get married. . . . They wander about here and there, squander their lives, get old and sick, and go to pieces . . . and go to hell together" . . . "I've seen too many fine young men go bad and decay after a few years in this country. They lose their health, they lose their self-respect, their morality, their restraining Old World customs—those valuable growths of centuries." And when at last he becomes strong enough to shake the dust off his feet, how he hates that "mocking city and its continuous, thick, greasy laughter"!

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Those love affairs of Lou's are matters of great import. In them you can see some of the tragedy and pathos of the mingling of peoples. The Italian Annie with whom he "played" hounds him and he has all he can do to get rid of her. Mary, the Danish girl, he loves with genuine devotion, but the reality of racial indurations, of age-long habits, and their mighty influence, break—break hearts, minds, senses. And the quarrel in a theatre over Wagner versus Italian grand opera, with all its sharp play of emotions is pregnant with meaning. And Helene! Helene, the French-Canadian girl, with bright, jet-black eyes and long dark tresses and Latin power over the Latin—is a story of real fine significance. Perhaps what lingers longest, however, is the love of Lou for Charlie, his chum—the love of a man for a man that is mighty.

This is a thoroughly authentic picture of the immigrant community—that seething caldron of passions and emotions, of broken lives, hopes, and aspirations. Remarkable color and imagery are scattered throughout the book: that memorable swim into the channel "in a scatter of brilliant green and white"; the hand-and-fist and hair-pulling fight with Annie in the blackberry patch and the picture of the girl with skirts all a-tangle in the thorny briars; the ghostly appearance of chum Charlie in the thick mist on the Brooklyn water front; the sudden blowing out of Frank, burned by a high tension wire; Lou's visit to the bedroom of Mary; his imprisonment in and ghastly struggle for freedom from a fast filling water tank of a vessel—these and other scenes are so deftly done as to make the art beneath them completely hidden in their grip, movement, and suspense.

The novel is crude, rough, and bold. Its crudeness that of reality; its roughness that of solid rock; its boldness that of honesty. There is a lack of continuity in development and characterization which makes it more than a picture. Its choppiness, its incontinuity, its see-sawiness, actually embody and live the temper of the immigrant community and of the drifting souls who dwell therein. And I think that is art. If this is the author's first novel, may the gods of Parnassus protect him from putting in too much artificial embellishment in his next work.

Sailing Charted Seas

SEA HORSES. By Francis Brett Young. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1925. $2.50.

Reviewed by Wilbur Daniel Steele

WE might say of Mr. Brett's novel that it is good Conrad, in much the sense of the Scotchman's word that there's "næ sic a thing as bad whusky." Given a half-decent grasp of the manner and an adequate ship's-company of the Master Mariner's own characters, it's comparatively simple to get a tale, and one that looks for all the world like the real old bottled-in-bond, at least launched and some few blue sea-miles on its way. And that's just about precisely what its author has done for this romance of the Mediterranean and Equatorial Africa.

There's the freighter, with whose iron being one knows inevitably that her commander will at some moment feel himself one. There is Glanvil him-

An illustration, by T. Nadajen, for "Helen," by Edward Lucas White (Doran).

self, beyond youth but not yet middle-aged, exalted and depressed by his first command, but whose chiefest qualification (Shades of the Polish Navigator) is his capacity for being obscurely outraged by the otherwise-innocent-sounding remarks and the otherwise-tolerably-ordinary looks of almost everybody with whom he is brought in contact. There are the other officers, some younger than he, some older and disgruntled, all vaguely familiar, and all, let it be said, exceedingly well drawn. There is the woman, about whose coming on board at Naples an admirable mystery is made, a cryptic Jew, and his Camorrist lieutenant assisting. This expatriate Englishwoman with a child under her wing and a renegade Neapolitan husband drinking and wenching himself to perdition in an African fever-port called Panda (for which, to Glanvil's disgust, his vessel has been chartered) has about her an authentic appeal. Indeed, almost all the first half of the book, the Neapolitan preparations, the voyage down the latitudes, the arrival, the first glimpse of Panda itself and its people—almost all of this is amazingly authentic—in the type. Only here and there does it show signs of going thin—little carelessnesses—the author taking twenty winks and slipping back to a lesser plane—as for instance when the Neapolitan, Esposito, launching forth in labored Anglo-American slang, winds up his remarks with a quite swagger manœuvre in the subjunctive mood.

These spots are not serious as yet, except as they are symtomatic of what is to come. But they do multiply and spread alarmingly in the last half of the tale. As the plot thickens, its complexion thins. "Action" arrives in what I believe is known as "wads," and coincident with its arrival the tutelary shade steps out. If the voice is still the voice of "Lord Jim" (at a distance), the hands are the hands of Hollywood. But just there is the fatal other part of sailing Mr. Conrad's ship. You can get it to sea pretty simply. But can you make his land-fall; can you bring it home at last to his kind of an anchorage? As a matter of fact, after sinking to the depths of recollecting at the last moment that an eleventh-hour reef is called the Sea Horses, all quite palpably to provide the book with a legitimate salty name, Mr. Brett does let his anchor go in a style suddenly again authentic—in the type.

Measured by the best of romances, "Sea Horses" isn't quite. Measured by the mill-run of them, it's what would be called, probably, "a darn good tale." For the sort of people who take a book a day to keep the doctor away, it ought to be good for Thursday or Friday at least.

A French Masterpiece

LUCIENNE. By Jules Romains. Translated by Waldo Frank. New York: Boni & Liveright. 1925. $2.50.

Reviewed by Llewelyn Powys

FRENCH novels, especially when they are written by so subtle a craftsman and so distinguished a philosopher as M. Jules Romains, have a way of making our own Anglo-Saxon efforts in this field look singularly clumsy and immature. The Gallic genius seems so completely at ease in the realm of letters, seems, as it were, to begin the practice of art at the point of technical achievement to which most of us attain only after a lifetime of training. For example, the kind of lapses that shock us in Theodore Dreiser's style, the kind of naivetées which amuses us in Sherwood Anderson's writing simply do not occur in Parisian manuscripts. Apparently it is impossible for these masters "of the greatest prose that the world has ever seen"' to drop the kind of "bricks" that the rest of us find it so easy to drop.

But in spite of their high culture and civil proficiency they would sometimes seem to lack a certain seriousness in their attitude toward life, a seriousness which, perhaps, comes almost too easily to us Anglo-Saxons and which, indeed, might be taken as the dominating note in all the greater writers of President's or King's English. The fact is each of our great prose-writers has had something of John Bunyan, the tinker, in his nature, whereas every great French prose writer is either a progenitor or bastard child of Monsieur Voltaire.

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Mr. Waldo Frank in his illuminating introduction to "Lucienne" asserts that Romains belongs to the "pure mystical tradition" of French letters, and, although his contention is not so well supported by "Lucienne" as by some of Jules Romains's other writings, one would be unwilling to dispute his judgment. But even at its best, how thin and half-hearted French mysticism is when compared to the mysticism of other nations! It would almost appear that the sun pours down its translucent beams in too perfect a proportion, neither too dazzling nor too dim, over the level fields of Normandy, over the dells and copses of Picardy, to allow these gay gentlemen to indulge their heads in any of the vaguer whimsies that so besot the minds of other nations. In this connection it may well be remembered that Pascal himself, the greatest of all French mystics, when he began to apprehend that he was living on the edge of the abyss of abysses had only to tap his stick on good French soil to find reassurance.

The beautiful book under discussion is tremulous with love of the actual world as it is revealed to an extremely intellectual and sensitive temperament. Its style has the lucid quality of water held in white marble. Its sentences have the transparent loveliness of spring trees bursting into tiny leaf. Indeed, the thoughts and sensations of this young Parisian girl are transcribed with the delicacy and exactness of snow when it traces, against a white background, the outlines of invisible twigs. And yet below all its sophistication, all its extreme refinement, one is aware of the old unregenerate zest for life which so especially belongs to the French, to this most singular people who seem to take as naturally to the conditions of existence as any brood of moor-hen chicks who know how to swim as soon as ever their eggs crack.

All lovers of good literature are under a debt of gratitude to Mr. Waldo Frank for the admirable translation he has made of this masterpiece and we can only hope that he will find time to render the same service to other works of Jules Romains.

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Problems of the Day

RESPONSIBILITY AND CULTURE. By L. P. JACKS. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1925. $1.50.

Reviewed by JOHN GRIER HIBBEN

Princeton University

THIS book of lectures on "Responsibility and Culture," by Principal Jacks, should have a very strong appeal to every American citizen. It deals with our responsibilities as members of our nation, and more particularly with the responsibilities of our nation in helping to solve the perplexing world problems of today. It is a book which every college man and woman would do well to read, for it presents a point of view that is elevating and ennobling and will prove an incentive and encouragment to the natural idealism of youth.

Principal Jacks takes as his fundamental proposition that we are too much concerned with the alleged "sickness" of our present civilization, and it is a morbid symptom of the tendencies of our times. He quotes the old saying that "the healthy know not of their health, but only the sick," and he appeals most strongly to the manhood of our young Americans who recognize and feel the glow and the spur of their health and strength, and consequently who set for themselves an objective of endeavor which can provoke the energies only of the capable man.

This second proposition upon which he bases his argument is that the end of man's striving has been made all too exclusively the realization of his happiness. Dr. Jacks insists that happiness is not the chief end of man but rather a continuous activity in life which will enable him to exercise all of his powers and to contribute to his day and generation a contribution worthy of himself and of the needs of his community, his country, and the world. It is only in this way that he can help to establish the Kingdom of God upon earth, and that, primarily and essentially, is the great end towards which civilization must move, if its progress is to be assured and the true destiny of man realized. To this end the education of the young men and women of our land must be an education in the principles and practices of self-government. Where self-government becomes the characteristic feature of the individuals of a nation, the burden of a central government by law becomes lessened and the multiplicity of laws themselves decreases. It seems to me that this lesson we need to consider seriously, each one for himself, and to apply to his daily life and to his purposes and aspirations. We are living in an industrial age, and if the great industrial enterprise of our day can be raised to its higher levels, it must essentially affect the standards and the attainments of our people.

* * *

Principal Jacks's conclusion of the whole matter is this,—that we have in America an opportunity of realizing in our public and private activities this great end of all citizenship and that in so doing we will put ourselves in the way of leading and guiding the other nations of the earth into a coöperative movement for universal peace. While being a stout champion and loyal defender of the League of Nations, he draws attention to the fact that the League of Nations is essentially a league of governments, and that a real league of nations might possibly be formed through the coöperation of the great masses of the people through their representatives, rather than through the representatives of the governments concerned. He speaks of the obligations of "international trusteeship," urging us in America to take our part in bringing about some organization which he would call an "International Court of Honor," a representative body of men who have the confidence not only of the citizens of their own country but of the world. Such an ideal is perhaps too ideal for the present condition of society at large, but it is something which appeals strongly to our imagination, our hopes, and our desires. Whether a formal organization of this kind is possible or not, it is not well for us to dismiss it with the passing criticism of its impracticability.

Throughout these lectures Principal Jacks touches again and again upon the problems of the present day, which are the concern of every serious-minded citizen of his own country, and a member of what should be the federation of the world. No one can read this book without interest and I believe without receiving many valuable suggestions which he will find profitable in the conduct of his life.

Thoreau As Hero

HENRY THOREAU: BACHELOR OF NATURE. By LEON BAZALGETTE. Translated by VAN WYCK BROOKS. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1924. $3.

Reviewed by MARK VAN DOREN

Literary Editor, *The Nation*

FOR most Frenchmen, and for those numerous Americans who know little of Thoreau or know him only at second hand, M. Bazalgette's book will be an agreeable introduction to one of the most pungent personalities in literary history. M. Bazalgette has saturated himself with his subject, reading not only the two volumes which Thoreau published during his lifetime and the eighteen others which he left to be collected after him, but in addition all the available scraps of information and anecdote put on record by acquaintances in Concord and elsewhere. He has taken the pains, furthermore, to feel Thoreau as a person, and has made him the hero of a volume that is fiction no less than biography. The story is told almost throughout in the present tense; the reader is directly addressed, as if he were a spectator of the events—even when those events take place within the hero's mind or heart; Thoreau is called "Henry", Emerson "Waldo", Whitman "Walt", Greeley "Horace", and so on. And the English of Mr. Brooks is more than satisfactory; it is beautiful.

* * *

But for those Americans who already know Thoreau well through the "Week", "Walden", the Journals, and the anarchistic essays on John Brown and other subjects—Americans to whom he has long been a hero in his own right, so that in their youth perhaps they have hopelessly aspired to be like him, and in their maturer years have only marvelled at one who could achieve such perfect independence—the volume will not be what is called a contribution, and they will be inclined to say that there was no need for it here, whatever need there may have been in France. To begin with, they will find M. Bazalgette's familiarity with "Henry" offensive. M. Bazalgette admits in a preface "the extreme reticence" of Thoreau's nature, and implies that he has been able to get behind it to some purpose. But may not reticence be so integral a portion of a man's nature that there is nothing at all to be got at behind it? So at least it seems in the case of Thoreau, who so far has baffled every attempt to explain him or justify him or make him consistent and appealing. Why might it not be supposed that he meant exactly what he said—that he was cold clear down to the ground? As such he is refreshing at any rate, and certainly it is as a cold, clear, contemptuous man that he has made his mark. M. Bazalgette, in undertaking to heat his Henry up, has merely melted him down. Genuine friends of Thoreau could take almost any ten pages written by the icicle himself, or take the justly famous biographical sketch by Emerson, and have their man more solidly before them than he ever becomes in M. Bazalgette's three hundred and fifty-seven pages.

* * *

For one thing M. Bazalgette will be thanked, and that is his refusal to make capital out of Thoreau's mythical love-affair. It used to be that biographers strained to render the man human by hinting of an early and thwarted passion which later worked itself out in literary composition, and in Sanborn's biography we get her name—Ellen Sewall. There is no evidence that Thoreau was ever stricken in this way. M. Bazalgette, it would seem, has read his hermit exactly right, finding him one who, born or become incapable of normal affection normally expressed, gave himself to Nature as husband and lover—or, as Mr. Bazalgette more picturesquely and perhaps more accurately puts it, as bachelor and friend. Indeed it would be hard to prove that at any single point M. Bazalgette is exactly wrong about Thoreau. His book is quite as true in its parts as it is enthusiastic in its whole. But as a whole it is not true. The real Thoreau—and why should there be any mystery about him?—still smiles his noncommittal smile between the frost-pure lines of "Walden."

Blessed Is the Bee-Keeper

THE SPIRIT OF THE HIVE. By DALLAS LORE SHARP. New York: Harper & Bros. 1925. $2.50.

Reviewed by T. MORRIS LONGSTRETH

THIS is Mr. Sharp's seventeenth book. It comes laden with an increase of all that has emphasized its author as a rightful successor in our line of authentic nature-writers,—accurate observation, gracious imagination, a dash of humor, and a strain of philosophy. The fact that there can still be increase must show that Mr. Sharp has meat we know not of. A man with such nutriment to share deserves more attention than Mr. Sharp obtains. I do not suppose that this book will have the circulation of a well-selling novel; yet the novel will be only one more guess at whether you can transform a triangle into something square, while this nature book deals with something equally fundamental and a thousand times fresher.

* * *

The bee has beaten us to it, is one interpretation of these pages. The spirit of the hive is so far ahead of the American democracy or the Russian soviet that "either we must find some purpose for human life in Nature's plan not contemplated for the bees, or else conceive of man as a cruel mistake, an ironical unfinished experiment, abandoned by Nature while working out the perfect life of the bee." For man and bee have been working on the same lines, and it is the bee that has developed the perfect political organization, the perfect society with its division of labor, divorceless marriage, birth-control, adaptation to environment, and our other *aims*.

The hive is not yet millenial. Bees commit errors of judgment. They swarm at the height of the honey-flow. They get "disgustingly drunk" on cider. They still harbor a tendency to thieve. They are slaves of communal logic. Their sacrifice of sex does not seem humanly desirable. And one does not suppose that the pogroms of drones would take place in the best of all possible hives. Yet they have attained an order, a peace, a brotherhood of coöperation—a sisterhood, really—which might give senates pause. Mr. Sharp does not indulge in the trick of disparaging to emphasize the bee's supremacy; his sting is far subtler. He says look at this and this, and the suddenly widened field of vision puts us in a less proud perspective. As does W. H. Hudson, he creates a sympathetic feeling for this other but hardly lesser world. He lends us the bee's wings and instincts. If this book could be read in front of the radiators of our country, it would turn indoors out, so filled it is with the elixir of outdoor life and the heaven about us. Children should have it read to them. It is a book of spiritual relations.

* * *

I speak as if Mr. Sharp had invented the bee. Fabre and Maeterlinck and Virgil all had a hand in it, and Mr. Sharp has not seen fit to mention the first two. But one feels that his bees are his own, that out of the wax of his own observations he has made combs and filled them with the honey of his own poetry, unadulterated by hearsay. Since the chapters are called contemplations, one does not so readily complain of the repetitions and digressions and transcendental sighs. It is a book flowing with thought and beauty, and if it does not leave a bee in the reader's bonnet, he must be veiled and gloved with insensibility.

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An Intimate Correspondence

SELECTIONS FROM THE CORRESPONDENCE OF THEODORE ROOSEVELT AND HENRY CABOT LODGE, 1844-1918. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1925. 2 Vols. $10.

Reviewed by MAX FARRAND
Yale University

THE first impression one receives in reading these volumes is that the title is misleading. Such a feeling is always irritating and one instinctively wishes that the contents had been more clearly indicated, as might have been done by heavily underscoring "*Selections*," by printing the one name in large caps—THEODORE ROOSEVELT—and the other name in *l.c.*—henry cabot lodge. But after finishing the reading of the two volumes one is inclined to think that the only change needed in the title page is a statement that the selections were made and the editing done by Lodge himself, and even that may be unnecessary as it is said in the Preface.

The fact, however, needs to be recognized, for the selection of letters is quite characteristic of Lodge—eminently discreet and in thoroughly good taste. The series commences with a letter from Roosevelt to Lodge in May, 1884, when both men had just been selected as delegates from their respective states to the National Republican convention. The letter begins, "My dear Mr. Lodge." Three weeks later the "Mr." has been dropped, and by November it is "Dear Cabot" and "Dear Theodore." But the first letter with this more intimate salutation is not included until an extract has been inserted from a memorandum by Roosevelt, dated Feb. 10, 1908:

> Altho I had met Cabot Lodge once or twice in the Porcellian Club, I never really knew him until the Spring of 1884, when we came together in connection with the effort to prevent Blaine's nomination for President. . . .
>
> From that time on he was my closest friend personally, politically, and in every other way, and occupied toward me a relation that no other man has ever occupied or ever will occupy. . . . For the past twenty-four years I have discussed almost every move I have made in politics with him, provided he was at hand and it was possible for me to discuss it; and as regards many matters of policy and appointment, it would be quite impossible for me now to say whether it was he or I who first suggested the appointment I made or the course that I followed.

This is a remarkable tribute to an unusual friendship and the strength and beauty of that friendship stand revealed in this correspondence. But the letters also reveal something more, that was intimated in the suggested change in the typography of the title, or that might be inferred from comparing the photographs of the two men which serve as frontispieces for the respective volumes: Roosevelt was the aggressive leader; Lodge was the gentle, persuasive, influential friend. The relation is indicated in a letter from Lodge written in1903:

> I do not suppose that either Root or I could have been of much help to you in the troubles which have gathered this summer, but I do think it might have been a relief if you had one or both of us to talk to. I feel sure I could have been of some help to you and that makes me very anxious every moment I am kept here.

It is not surprising, therefore, that the letters selected are predominantly Roosevelt's and have been chosen to bring out traits in Roosevelt's character, or to illustrate features of his policy or to throw light upon some of his activities. Lodge's part is merely incidental in the life of him whom he regarded as "one of the greatest and most remarkable men who has ever played a large part and exercised a powerful influence in the history of the United States." One becomes almost impatient with Lodge for being content to accept that position. There are references to his own long and honorable public career; it is even intimated that he, Lodge, played an important part in our foreign relations at other times as well as when Roosevelt was President. But these are completely overshadowed by the attention given to the bigger man.

The letters are allowed to tell their own story, but it is a very incomplete and even disjointed story. For example, there may be much upon the preliminaries to the Republican Convention of 1900, or upon certain aspects of the election of 1904, and practically nothing upon the election of 1912. There are pages and pages devoted to the Alaska Boundary settlement in 1903, and only a reference to the Panama controversy in the same year. The text gives no intimation of these and other temperamental omissions.

The volumes will prove disappointing to many. The average person will never believe that in so intimate a correspondence Roosevelt did not express himself freely regarding persons and events, and that with his virile powers of language there should not be many stirring bits descriptive of personalities and even of invective. But has it not been said that the selection was made by the discreet and courteous Lodge? There are occasional outbursts and emphatic expressions, but one cannot help feeling that they were only allowed a place when Lodge was in hearty accord, and when he believed them not only justified but also perfectly permissible, as for example in the case of Godkin, the editor of *The Evening Post*.

If one becomes reconciled to the limitations that have been described, the letters are thoroughly enjoyable reading, and at times even delightful, and they are informative as well. They throw many strong lights upon important events, notably in our foreign relations, and there are many revealing traits of character and incidents in the careers of both men that are brought out sometimes consciously and sometimes unconsciously.

It is worth while to have it shown again that both Roosevelt and Lodge considered their political careers ended by their support of Blaine after his nomination in 1884. In 1889 Roosevelt wrote:

> I would like above all things to go into politics; but in this part of the State that seems impossible. . . . So I have made up my mind that I will go in especially for literature.

It is important to see Roosevelt appreciating the strength of Lodge's "earnest advice," in 1895, that he become the conspicuous leader:

> Your party has made your fight theirs. You must lead it. You owe it to them and to yourself and must win. Don't fail to go on the stump. . . . They must see you and get to know you.

Roosevelt had learned something of that lesson when he had been a member of the New York Assembly twelve years before, and conspicuous leadership grew to be the determining factor in his career.

But even when these things are taken into consideration the volumes are to be regarded as only an addition, although an important addition, to the ever increasing bulk of the Roosevelt literature.

A Great Englishman

THE LIFE OF WILLIAM COBBETT. By G. D. H. COLE. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1925.

Reviewed by HAROLD J. LASKI

TO say that Mr. Cole has written the best life of Cobbett yet published is faint praise for his achievement. What he has done is to write the first really adequate life of a great Englishman, which is valuable not only for its contribution to historical research, but for the sheer delight with which it can be read. Those who think of Mr. Cole as a narrow doctrinaire will do well to read this book. They will find it contains the qualities which have made Professor Graham Wallas's Life of Place, and the volumes of Mr. and Mrs. Hammond, classics of their kind. The main duty of a reviewer with such a book is simply to proclaim his gratitude and urge the reader to make his way to the nearest bookshop.

Mr. Cole, let it be added, had the advantage of a magnificent subject, for Cobbett is the embodiment of the English character. His great virtues were unending courage, unending obstinacy, a genuine hatred of injustice, a determination to make his own way to his own goal, and a prose style which, for perfect clarity and directness, only Hazlett equalled in the nineteenth century. He had, of course, faults and to spare. He was colossally egotistic; the age, to him, was quite definitely the age of William Cobbett. He had a serene confidence that not only was he always right, but that those who opposed him were akin to moral lepers. He had little clear perception of the trend of forces in his time. He was uninterested in ideas or in the play of mind. He had no sympathy with the temperament which either hesitates or is sceptical. He was, in a word, an English farmer who happened to be endowed with sterling commonsense and a superlative literary gift. He had no sympathy with, or affinity for, the outstanding minds of his time. He disliked Bentham; he had probably no notion of the importance of Coleridge; Malthus for him was simply a clerical blackguard. His outlook was narrow and limited. He abhorred the slavery of the factories; but negro slavery left him cold. He renounced the ignorance of the poor; but educational effort in any wide sense did not interest him. The things that moved Robert Owen to become perhaps the greatest social pioneer of the nineteenth century seemed to him not things upon which to build but things to destroy. He was to the end a Tory Democrat who wanted to perpetuate the stolid, comfortable England of the pre-industrial epoch—the England of Mr. Belloc and Mr. Chesterton—where men learn by what they see, where the beef is stout and the beer plenteous, and the honeysuckle climbs the door of the laborer's cottage, and his children play in the garden.

However it be regarded, it is an extraordinary career. No one ever helped Cobbett—whatever he was, he was by his own unaided exertions. And his views came to him from the grim school of life. He left Pitt, he left Windham, he joined the Reformers, because he came to see that the England of the Napoleonic era was built upon injustice and corruption. He had no theory of its transformation except the burning desire to root out that injustice and corruption. The new capitalism merely angered him; against its brutality he cried out passionately, but with no real sense of its causes. But with all his narrowness and his prejudices, Cobbett, like Dr. Johnson, is a representative man. He educated the working-class of his generation into a sense of the significance of reform. He did it by constant and indignant reiteration of obvious facts within their own experience. He had that supreme art of the journalist in a supreme degree which consists in being able to put his case so that exactly those readers for whose support he is concerned will recognize the accent of their own hearts. Above all, let us mark his honesty. There is little that Cobbett could not, with his powers, have had, had he chosen to make himself the creature of authority. It was no easy task in those days to lead the opposition in a press regarded by the lawyer and the statesman as the enemy. Carlyle, Leigh Hunt, Eaton, were all martyrs to their inability to see truth as their masters would have them see it. Cobbett never budged an inch from his chosen path. If there is stouter invective than his indictment of Castlereagh and Sidmouth, I do not know it. He hated them for the good reason that he hated cruelty and injustice, and they were the authors of a political system in which cruelty and injustice were the foundations.

Mr. Cole speaks of his "abounding faith in the common rightness of the common man." That is wherein Cobbett's greatness most truly consists. For it was in his feeling (it was an emotion rather than a perception) that only what happened to the common man really mattered, that Cobbett's greatness is most apparent. He became a Reformer because the England he cared about was being uprooted by the great society. He felt uneasily that in this uprooting the common man would lose his mastery of self and become the slave of blind forces beyond his ken. The protest was, of course, impossible; the change was already inevitable when he wrote. But Cobbett's legacy was a spirit that, even today, is discernible in the mind of English labor. It is the spirit which has made Mr. George Lansbury the most beloved figure in the working-class movement of our time. It is the sense that he is of them and with them. It is the ability to state their feelings as they know them. It is the recognition of their right to satisfy their simple desires, the insistence on the eminent worth of their personality because it is humble and oppressed. Mr. Lansbury is disliked in Mayfair, as Cobbett was disliked in St. James. But in the mean streets of Poplar and the grim dourness of northern mining villages people speak of Mr. Lansbury in a special accent as they spoke of Cobbett a hundred years ago.

I have only one complaint to make against Mr. Cole. He deliberately, I think, belittles the part Francis Place played in those years of which he writes. Mr. Cole, like Cobbett, dislikes political tacticians, and Francis Place was the supreme artist of that day in his *genre*. But, as Burke said, the little minor of circumstances plays a great part on the field of battle. Whatever Place's shortcomings, he played a great part greatly; and the mutual antipathy between him and Cobbett ought not to obscure our debt to him.

The Eugene Du Maurier prize of $25 is offered through the Order of Bookfellows for the best ballad in English ballad meter submitted by a Bookfellow on or before June 30, 1925. The judges will be Clyde Robe Meredith, C. A. A. Parker, and Miss Louise Molloy. Further information may be obtained from Flora Warren Seymour, Clerk, 4917 Blackstone Avenue, Chicago.

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Faith and Modern Living

CHAOS AND A CREED. By JAMES PRICEMAN. New York: Harper & Bros. 1925. $2.50.

Reviewed by MARY AUSTIN

IN "Chaos and a Creed" we are face to face with the clearest, the most sincere, and the most betraying statement which has yet appeared of the average man of today, in respect to man's need of a formal faith. Beginning honestly by admitting that James Priceman is a pseudonym adopted to secure the necessary detachment, the author has explored the faith of millions of men, based, like his, on orthodox Christianity, informed by modern education, and emptied of its earlier validity by the adventure of modern living. With an honesty that engages the reader's attention in excess of the interest of the subject matter—for he offers no new material either of scholarship or interpretation—Mr. Priceman attacks the general problems of the historicity of Jesus, the supernormal elements of his life story, and the doctrinal residue. Accepting an evolutionary creation, he dismisses the legend of the Virgin Birth as unimportant, chiefly because of Jesus's own silence on that point, accepts the miracles in general, and relegates their detail to a secondary consideration.

The resurrection he accepts primarily for the reason that gives every student pause, the tremendous events that sprang from it, too revolutionary to have arisen in anything but facts otherwise inexplicable to contemporary observation. But in the very act of accepting the Gospel account of the death and reappearance of Jesus, Priceman rejects the Pauline dogma of salvation by Blood, sees in Jesus' own statements as to the forgiveness of sins something much more akin to modern psychoanalysis than to the orthodox scheme of salvation.

Finally, the book closes with a statement of personal faith which, while it refutes most of the concepts on which such a conclusion has formerly been established, definitely reasserts a belief that Jesus was God. He is presented as God the Creator, thought of as distinct and apart from his creation, who deliberately, and at "one actual historic date" and as "one consummate revelation" assumes human form and lives the life of a rejected Jewish rabbi in an inconsiderable corner of the world. Altogether a modern American exposition!

* * *

It is modern in its easy acceptance of as much scholarship and "higher criticism" as its author happens in a not narrowly informed career to have come across. Thoroughly American in its invincible natural prepossession in favor of Godness in man, accessible to man; this book is even more American in its profound ignorance of the whole science of mysticism by which such an inheritance can be accounted for and handled. So completely is this side of the subject, which so evidently engages the writer's whole subconscious approach, divorced from his intellectual consciousness of it, that it is more than likely Mr. Priceman would reject the idea that mysticism is, or could be, scientific. So ignorant does he remain of the history and meaning of the mystical approach to God, that his nearest touch is to reject for Jesus any sort of "monkishness," though as a matter of fact the picture of Jesus drawn in "Chaos and a Creed," as a man of great spiritual simplicity, renouncing all attachment to the things of this world, unmarried, given to both physical and spiritual healing, practicing long sessions of retirement in prayer and fasting, going about preaching, and finally suffering death with quietness for his Revelation, is like nothing so much as the great monks of the Middle Ages. Here speaks the average American Protestant prejudice in which both mysticism and monks stand—ignorantly—for the most disliked expression of religiousity.

One cannot help but feel that had the eminent American lurking behind the not too thick disguise of James Priceman, understood that mysticism is a way of life as definitely described as any other phase of human psychology, more soundly based and more extensively annotated by experience than psychoanalysis, and much more copiously documented, he might have found a way out of his chaos even more satisfactory to himself. "It is easier for me to believe," he says, "that Jesus called Lazarus from the tomb, than to believe that any merely human man . . . could have conceived of asserting 'I am the resurrection and the life.'" But any student of mysticism could have told him that this form of expression, this speaking in the person of the Indwelling Spirit, is the usual practice of mystics in what is called primary meditation, all over the world, and is used today by healers and other practitioners of spiritual therapeutics. He could, indeed, within ten minutes walk of Fifth Avenue and Forty-second have discovered several of them who use the mystical methods of Jesus for the same purposes that Jesus used them.

Missing this item, Mr. Priceman misses the not unimportant fact that Jesus nowhere asserted that he was the sole, or chief, or in any respect peculiar, incarnation of God in Man. Nevertheless, that a layman should have gone to such earnest lengths to deliver his faith that, however it came about, God *is* in man and with man, is of heartening significance.

The Mediterranean Age

THE MEDITERRANEAN LANDS: AN INTRODUCTORY STUDY IN HUMAN GEOGRAPHY. By MARION I. NEWBIGIN. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1924. $2.75.

Reviewed by HARRY ELMER BARNES
Smith College

SOME seventy years ago Arnold Guyot delivered his famous Lowell Lectures on "Earth and Man," in which he presented his suggestive theory of the "geographic march of history." By this he meant that the great historic civilizations had rarely repeated themselves or replaced each other in the same geographic environment, but had passed on to other areas. Specifically, civilization had originated in the Orient, developed still further in the Mediterranean basin, and had opened a new and revolutionary epoch with the conquest of the Atlantic by the nations of northwestern Europe. A generation ago the brilliant young Russian geographer and anarchist, Léon Metchnikoff, died leaving a manuscript entitled "Les Grands Fleuves Historiques," which was later published under the editorship of the distinguished French geographer, Elisée Reclus. In this he sketched a geographical interpretation of the history of civilization through three stages: the fluvial, the thalassic, and the oceanic. He had planned to complete this survey, but his early death prevented him from finishing more than the first part. Subsequently, Huntington, GilFillan, and others have offered more complete and technical confirmation of this thesis.

In this volume by Miss Newbigin, the erudite and original Scottish geographer already well known through her studies of Balkan geography and history, we have the only serious effort which has yet been made in English to present in complete and succinct form the historical geography of the Mediterranean area from the rise of Egyptian civilization to the discovery of the oversea routes to the East at the close of the fifteenth century. She thus unfolds the panorama of history which enlists her attention:

> As the dawn breaks we see Egypt and Babylonia struggling. . . . Out of a period of world disturbance the cities of Phœnicia emerge, . . . bringing the new west into touch with the older east. . . . Then comes the rise of Classical Greece, the growth of the free cities in mountain-girt but sea-fringed plains. . . . Next Rome begins to expand in ever-widening circles, and makes the Mediterranean area a unit. . . . But the peoples of Europe react, and under the impact of the Goths and Vandals, with the Arabs advancing along the southern shore, Rome goes down and the Mediterranean world is once more filled with strife. . . . Next we see the rise of the great mediæval trading cities. . . . Amalfi, Venice, Pisa, Genoa and many other towns. . . . Then new armies appear, menacing the Levantine coast, the area from which the trading cities derive their wealth. From Asia Minor the Turks advance into Europe, cutting off the eastern from the western world, once more shattering the concept of Mediterranean unity. The ships of Venice return empty to port; but Vasco da Gama has already reached India. . . . The Mediterranean Sea is now but a pocket; the ships of commerce have left it for the wider oceans beyond.

* * *

The first third of Miss Newbigin's book is devoted to a brief survey of the geographic setting of the Mediterranean basin and adjoining lands, based obviously on the monumental work of Philippson. The last two-thirds treats of the geographical elements involved in the sequence of historic cultures from the days of Menes to those of Columbus. It is rather to be deplored that this distribution of space was chosen, as the material on geography is much more competently and impressively presented than that on history. Fortunately, even the historical geography is more geography than history. As a general judgment on the work it may be safely stated that it performs more satisfactorily than any other brief book in English the highly valuable service of presenting in a compact, readable, and suggestive fashion the physical basis of the history of civilization during the ancient and mediæval periods. The book should be most useful to historians and classicists alike, and should help to introduce a more dynamic and realistic element into the study of the life and cultures of these areas and periods. It should be particularly serviceable to the teachers of ancient and mediæval history in the schools, who are usually tragically innocent of the environmental background of their subject, and to whom historical geography is primarily a tracing of the shifts of political boundaries indicated on maps by ingenious chromatic designations.

While freely granting its general usefulness and many specific excellencies, it must also be pointed out that the book strikingly illustrates the dangers of venturing unchaperoned out of one's one specialty. The geographer in history is always faced with the difficult problem of being in thorough command of the historical facts for which he desires to find some geographical foundation and explanation. In no field is this so hazardous an undertaking as in regard to ancient and mediæval history, particularly the former. In most modern problems one can feel reasonably sure of himself when he has mastered the monographic secondary literature, but in ancient history the mass of papyri which are gradually being digested change our views and enrich our information weekly. In the light of this, what can be said for the reliability of the historical data of an author who seriously tells us that "alike for Egypt and for the Tigris-Euphrates area Herodotus and the Old Testament are invaluable," and whose chief sources of historical information are such books as Gibbon, Rawlinson, Freeman, and Reclus, even though there is reference to the existence of the first volume of the "Cambridge Ancient History"! It is not surprising to note that the author has missed a prize detail for her story in Walter Leaf's ingenious geographical explanation of the rise of the Mycenæan civilization and the causes of the Trojan War, or repeats solemnly the venerable myth punctured ten years ago by Professor Lybyer to the effect that oversea explorations and discoveries were produced by the advance of the Turks which intercepted and excluded the Christian merchants from contact with the Orient. If, however, the historian will need to exploit rather gingerly her strictly historical data, he will find here assembled a large body of pertinent geographical facts of undoubted validity with which to enrich his knowledge and interpretation of the history of western civilization to the modern era.

Five Scenes from a History

THE DARK HOURS. By DON MARQUIS. New York: Doubleday Page & Co. 1925. $1.75.

Reviewed by HENRY LONGAN STUART

ANY attempt to rewrite the gospels in whole or in part has strong prejudice to overcome before it can be accepted as anything but overweening and misguided ambition. This sentiment is not altogether derived from a fear that the hands laid upon the fabric will be unworthy of irreverent ones. Indeed, from the nature of the case, it is far more likely that unfamiliarity and reluctance to offend will breed a new and intenser respect. Nor does it arise from a conviction that everything has been said and that nothing remains to be added. Mr. Middleton Murry, who is said to be busy on his own Life of Christ, has told us that an intelligent modern policeman, from the mere point of view of fact, could write a better Gospel story than either Matthew, Mark, Luke, or John. And, to pass from the ridiculous to the sublime, many of the great mystics have experienced a sort of sacred exasperation at the exiguity of Gospel narrative, and have tried to supplement it by meditations and visions often startling in the wealth and plausibility of their detail. The reluctance of many pious souls to see the Gospels exploited is due rather to the feeling that they are sacred ground, *hortus conclusus*, and that to go botanizing thereon with anything but the purest spiritual intention is to take unfair and unlawful advantage of the solemnity and authority with which long association invests every word and incident of Holy Script.

It did not need the author's note appended by Mr. Don Marquis to "The Dark Hours" to feel sure that, in his case, the great drama of the Redemption fell into singularly worthy and reverent

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hands. His task was a modest one, and in itself disarms criticism. It had no other end in view than the presentation, in handily dramatic form, of the incidents of the Passion, during which the person of the Redeemer would be kept off-stage and the sacred text closely adhered to. Catholics, indeed, familiar with the liturgy of Holy Week, will see in his play a very natural elaboration of their own services on Palm Sunday and Good Friday, during which the sanctuary becomes, in a certain sense, a stage, and the story of the Passion is chanted with special parts for rulers, people, narrator, and "Christus," allotted to choir and celebrants.

The closing drama of the Gospels bristles with mysteries which are full of suggestion for the reverently conjectural mind. There is the inexplicable treason and despair of Judas, the brief flash of courage on Peter's part, followed so swiftly by cowardice and denial, the long fight for mercy by Pilate and the dramatic intervention of his wife, the utter prostration in the Garden and the cry of desolation, contrasting so strangely with the perfect poise before Sanhedrim and Hall of Judgment. The story is filled, not only with incident whose truth bites home, but with the clash of human temperaments. Inherently its authenticity becomes more and more amazing as it is studied.

Mr. Marquis's own conjectures, while always illuminating, never go outside the traditional *cadre*. This alone is no mean feat. He gives us a Judas who is a gloomy fatalist, driven to his vile deed by the exquisite perceptions of his Master, and throwing the blame for his treachery on its Victim.

> Aye! He betrayed me! What else? These many weeks, yea, these months past, he has persecuted and driven me! He has persecuted me with his knowledge of my dreams and speculations; he has taken from me my power to be myself. . . . Am I a devil? If so, it is he that hath thought me a devil and made me a devil and shown me a devil to myself.

The Peter he gives us, is, after all, the Peter we knew—brave, choleric, headstrong, and a little undependable, his courage oozing from him as he finds his brave gesture with the sword a blow in the void.

> When I would have stood beside him he would not let me. . . . He would not let me fight for him. . . . I must fight, or I feel myself a coward. But he told me not to fight, and that has broken my will for dying.

And, as a contrast for Peter, he invents for us a Malchus, who, we feel, might very easily be an authentic and living figure—a Malchus who perishes, sword in hand, in a wild attempt to rescue the man who healed his ear in the Garden, and beside whose dead body poor irresolute Peter communes a moment, overwhelmed in self-contempt.

> That should have been I! That should have been I!

For the dialogue and choruses of his play, Mr. Marquis has only had to delve into the narrative of the three years' ministry preceding Calvary. The venom of the priests, the cries of the crowd, tossed this way and that as their fears or their gratitude are worked upon, the witness given by the men and women whom Christ has cured or raised from the dead, and whose evidence is perverted into charges of witchcraft and deviltry, can nearly all be referred to their authentic source in one text or another of the four evangelists. But the skill in marshalling all this material and fusing it to a white heat of dramatic climax is Mr. Marquis's own. Whether the play will ever be presented on the stage the future alone can tell. At first sight there seem to be inherent difficulties, the chief of which is the author's device of keeping the great Protagonist "a Voice" throughout. But for the reader, at least, a rarely moving and wholly reverent Passion Play has been the result of Mr. Marquis's meditation upon the greatest tragedy in history.

With reference to the picture of Shelley published in the last issue of *The Saturday Review of Literature*, the following information may prove of interest. The portrait, a water-color, bears the signature of R. Hancock, a painter of china who in his old age took to portrait painting. He was living at the time at Clifton, the name of which place appears upon the picture. While Hancock was painting there Mary Shelley was at Clifton, and a letter is in existence from her asking Shelley to come and spend her birthday with her. There is therefore excellent presumptive evidence, though no certainty, that the portrait was painted from the life, which is the more interesting since the only portrait known to be from the life was considered unsatisfactory by Shelley's family.

The BOWLING GREEN

It Cuts

"IT cuts—easily—a half hour." The words, spoken behind me in the smoker, might have meant very little to some. But to me, and particularly that morning, how naturally they flowed into the channel of my own thinking. If you are interested in the theatre, and particularly if you are a not-yet-produced playwright, there are no trains so pleasant as those on the Great Neck line of the L. I. R. R. There, at almost any hour of night or day, you will overhear someone in the smoker discussing the quaint minutiæ of the stage world. And as I had spent the evening before in some final and ruthless cutting of a drama of my own, and had the very script in my lap—on my way to hand it over to the well-wishing adventurer who has agreed to undertake it—I should have liked to turn round and study the faces of the unknown surgeons.

"It cuts—easily—a half hour." I had spent the night before looking over a great mass of discarded MS, rough drafts and so on, all that debris of writing and rewriting familiar to everyone who has attempted anything in this most exacting of all forms of composition. I had looked, with faintly melancholy resignation, upon pleasing lines (that seemed such sure laughter or such moving pathos!) discarded as being unnecessary baggage, and now never to be uttered anywhere by anyone. Unless indeed one could some day put together a one-act fantasy composed of lines abandoned from other plays. What a queer farrago it would be; it might even prove to have some unexpected meaning or analogy. I know that in lecturing one always forgets the things one most wants to say, so that I have thought the best possible lecture would be one made up of the things forgotten in all other lectures. And the best kind of Future Life, if there should prove to be one, would give us a chance to "live-in" portions of our own text that were excised for the drastic requirements of this mundane stage.

* * *

After tackling a job of playwriting, with its multitude of competing considerations, a thing like a novel seems almost cravenly simple. Mr. Galsworthy is of course quite right when he speaks (in his introduction of two short plays by Conrad) of the crippling limitation the stage imposes upon those who have experienced "the wider freedom and the more exquisite savor" of the novel. Yet still the drama remains the most exciting and tempting, and perhaps the most influential, of all forms of penmanship; and we live happily in a day when it has become experimental once more and alive with the thrill of new effects and gustos. Even those "capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb-shows" (Hamlet's phrase for the baser sort of movies, that tear passion to titters, has never been surpassed) are still ready to be troubled by genuine anxieties if we can medicine them with the bright stab of laughter.

* * *

The playwright, who enters so completely into the movements of his phantoms, must also be courageous enough to participate in his own, and scan them with the clear eye of self-raillery. I suppose there are documents on record that give a sort of clinical history of the absurdities of people's conduct while writing plays. If not, I could supply data. Nor does it matter very much, from the scientific standpoint, whether the play is genuine or mere fustian. The author's symptoms are much the same in either case. I remember coming into the newspaper office with the script of one scene in my arms, like a new-born baby, and shouting out to a patient colleague (who still calmly endures my ridiculous behaviors) "of course there's only one word for this."—What the word was I am loth to avow; it was the same word that Conrad and Hueffer exclaimed of a passage in "Youth" (see Hueffer's appendix to "The Nature of a Crime," where you will hunt in vain for anything startling enough in that passage to warrant their glorious outcry). The point is that in the joy and frenzy of the seizure you do really feel that way; anything can be endured as long as life can occasionally offer such moments. Afterwards, of course, you find out that you were wrong. The very scene I was so happy about proved, on subsequent cooling, to be the least effective of the whole piece, and now, eighteen months later, I have just managed to get it into more viable form. But not to reckon with these comedies of hallucination is to know nothing of the whole creative process.

* * *

I wonder if there is not a certain moral discipline in writing a play that an author can acquire in no other way. I believe that one who has spent a number of months in conning and computing the technical dexterities of the job, the positive necessities of arranging his material so that the audience will not be bored, the requirements of physical incarnation of his dream, such a one will be less hasty to condemn any of the pragmatic sanctions of life. He will be, or ought to be, less drastic in sneering at the errors of churches, governments, universities, capitalist systems—any form of organization that works with queer human material and has to approximate. For the dramatist, relish it or not, faces what may be called a parliamentary problem. All his broodings and all the producer's effort are vain unless his ardently meditated lines are gathered together into one poised stroke, measured and fluent enough so that a handful of spectators, on one critical occasion, can apprehend his intention and transmit their pleasure, if any, to the amusable world on which he depends. A man who has had a successful play produced (I speak, of course, only by theory) has gone through Heaven knows how many telephone calls, inconclusive conferences, luncheon engagements where the producer did not arrive, midnight readings, for this single ordeal. If he has been skilful enough to compose all these elements into successful result, then I venture (subject to prompt refutation from the lives of playwrights) that he is, essentially, a moral man. He understands the strange emulsion of concession and compromise of which human morality consists. Henry James, for example, could not write a successful play. He was too intellectually selfish.

* * *

I would have liked to ask the men from Great Neck if they knew that C. E. Montague's "Dramatic Values," out of print for fourteen years, is about to be republished. What they said about cutting made me think they ought to enjoy this fine little book of theatre talk. I don't know that the playwright's problem has been much better stated than in Montague's chapter on Ibsen:

> He knew precisely what a play was. He learned—central fact of all—that a play has only one-tenth the length of a novel; he learnt that a playgoer, unlike a reader, cannot skip, and that therefore he must never be let fall into the state of mind in which, if he were reading, he would skip; he learnt that dialogue is effective in a theatre only when every speech produces a distinct change in the relations of the speakers, that it must carry the hearer on over a rippled surface of small surprises to a foreseen goal, piquing curiosity in detail while meeting expectation on the whole; he learned how the characters of a play are mobilized; how their exits and entrances are brought into vital relation with the general purpose of the piece; how utterances, trivial and inexpressive in a poem or a novel, may take value and significance from the visible contact of their speakers with other persons or with a painted scene; how, on the other hand, telling effects characteristic of other forms of imaginative writing may be marred on the stage by the fact that the playgoer cannot turn back and look things up, that the pace is fixed for him . . . or by the equally imperious fact that we may read in solitude, but must usually hear a play in a crowd . . . face to face not merely with a work of art but the judgment of a public opinion upon it.

* * *

"It cuts—easily—a half hour." There was something in the confident way the words were said that led me to believe that the unknown speakers knew what they were talking about. They had the instinct, the finger-tip sensibility of those who have, by long training, learned to feel their way about in a crafty calling. Probably they could not express, with the wit, the irony, the charming shrewdness of Mr. Montague, the theories of their art; but I had a notion that they too understood Dramatic Values. I didn't even turn to look at them; but I paid them a more sincere tribute. Instead of delivering the script that day, I took it home again to see if there was still anything that absolutely must be cut.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

The 1925 revised edition of "Who's Who in Literature," edited by Mark Meredith in England and distributed in the United States by the *Publishers' Weekly*, is just published in completely revised form. The last issue was in 1922. The new edition contains nearly 5,000 names of authors of England, Canada and the United States.

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Books of Special Interest

As a Fascist Sees It

THE AWAKENING OF ITALY. By LUIGI VILLARI. Doran. 1924. $2.50.

Reviewed by OLIN D. WANNAMAKER

ONE who undertakes to write the history of the Italian fascist movement enters into an engagement with his readers to set forth an extremely complex phenomenon, with its roots in the past, its branches and flowers overspreading many millions of persons, and its fruitage as yet quite green and likely to come to maturity only after a long season of ripening. It is the resultant of the almost utterly free play of varied and antagonistic passions among multitudes of persons in all the social and economic classes, and these passions still burn like slowly hardening lava, occasionally flaming up quite active and alive. It is not the sort of stuff about which history is written. History deals with passions only after they are quite safely dead and even forgotten.

Merely axiomatic, therefore, is it to say that the writer of the present moment must begin with a clear consciousness of his incapacity to tell the truth about this phenomenon. All the more should he discipline himself by means of this thought if he is an Italian. And, if he happens to have taken an active share, either as participant or as observer favoring one party in the Italian post-war struggle, then he should remind himself at the beginning of each new page of his story that his view is necessarily partial, partisan, unfair to his opponents.

As for the reader, it behooves him to believe nobody too naïvely. He will by no means find the truth in any single book. He may begin to form an organic conception of this passionate human movement when he has read what a good many of its ardent proponents assert and affect to prove and then just as much from its strongest adversaries and most embittered victims—provided he is fortunate enough to discover also some pages written by persons who have managed to stand aloof and keep, not unsympathetic by any means, but reasonably cool.

* *

When two parties are for long engaged in a bitter struggle, the surface events do not count any more than their inter-relationships and the moods and motives behind them and mingled in them. This book relates the surface events in fair order, beginning briefly with Italy before the war, going through the terrible strain of the conflict, and then following developments up to the fascist march on Rome and the beginning of the so-called constitutional administration of Mussolini. But its deficiency lies in the author's conception and presentation of the inter-relationships among events and their moods and motives. To him the fascist organization has been throughout an almost unspotted embodiment of idealism and sound commonsense. Such faults as may have accompanied its tremendous struggle for the good of Italy are too slight to be thrown into any relief in its history. The case is by no means so simple as this.

One may at least classify Signor Villari's book quite definitely, having other books vividly in memory. This is a *fascista* document, a one-sided statement of the case. The writer is a man of unusual gifts. He has surveyed the movement of events, grouped and arrayed the facts, mapped the field for the ease and comfort of the reader. Had one no other source of information, one might with a lively sense of satisfaction receive instruction and be illuminated at the hands of Signor Villari, and close the volume at length with a pleasant snap—so much for that chapter in the history of modern Italy. Unfortunately, one's sense of finish and finality is disturbed. One recalls important things that the writer has slipped over or treated too lightly, and so many which he presents in one way but which other minds have seen quite otherwise. One closes the book with a different sort of snap—that is one way of seeing *facismo*.

A Constitutional Whirl

ATOMS AND RAYS. By SIR OLIVER LODGE. New York: George H. Doran Co. 1924. $3 net.

Reviewed by JOHN MILLS
Author of "Within the Atom"

FOR almost fifty years Sir Oliver Lodge has been a dominant and peculiarly articulate figure among British scientists, and that means in the world at large. His investigations, his interpretations, his speculations, and, one is tempted to add, his scientific obsessions are widely known, respected, and appreciated.

In "Atoms and Rays" he starts and ends with the ether. Quoting in the first chapter from an earlier book, he says: "Then we invent the ether and are impressed with continuity"; and in the last chapter he speculates on "propulsion by etherial reaction." The physical relativity of Einstein he accepts, but by implication he denies the even more important relativity of ideas whereby the ether which was a reality in 1877 is being displaced by more modernly logical necessities of "quanta." Quanta he deals with, but not as bullets of energy moving through a space in which their actions demand no invention of an ether. The first impression of these bullets, which strike real blows on the electrons in their paths, is derived by the reader from a discussion on page 67 of "trigger pulling etherial impulses." And the discrete character of the quantum is still further obfuscated by the circumambient ether in the treatment at the bottom of page 139.

Too much of physical science is yet unknown, however, to warrant complete neglect of the ether concept and each modern physicist may well erect an altar to an unknown god, leaving to later scientific generations to determine whether that deity has "a constitutional whirling motion, like an exceedingly fine-grained vortex motion . . . while certain portions . . . are modified into what we know as matter."

Sir Oliver Lodge's book contains two parts of distinct value. The first of these is the simple but necessarily algebraic treatment of the elementary portion of the Bohr theory of spectral lines. The second is the preface.

The preface is at once the best plea for popular scientific exposition which the reviewer has met, and at the same time a justification, or rationalization, of a method of treatment which he has always found, as a reader, peculiarly irritating. He refers to the lack of continuity, which may be due in part to the fact that some of the chapters appeared as separate magazine articles but is foreshadowed by these statements in the preface: "It is only by treating a subject from many points of view and by frequent repetition that it gets any hold on the general mind. Effective exposition cannot be done crisply and compactly. Room and repetition are necessary." Repetition there should be and many points of view, but not necessarily in the same book and certainly not unless crisply and compactly.

The argument for treatments of interest to all intelligent people reads as follows:

> Men of letters know that any great subject will bear multiple examination and discursive treatment; it must be threshed out and driven home repeatedly, if it is to effect an entrance and fructify. It is not enough for Shakespeare to have written, and Shelley and Keats and Browning: there must be books and essays and explanations and appreciations and criticisms innumerable. Whereas men of science, accustomed to speak only to their peers, are content if they can express something crisply and definitely and have done with it.

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A London Letter

By Mrs. Belloc Lowndes

THE writer spent a few days last September in a house party with the late Lord Curzon as principal guest. British politics were, for obvious reasons, taboo in his presence, so there was a great deal of talk about books. He said that he read everything that appeared concerning the present state of Russia, and he anticipated a quicker return to normal conditions there than most of us thought probable. He remarked with a smile how peculiarly out of date was now "Russia in Central Asia," the first book he had ever written. He spoke with extreme severity and disgust of "modern memoir-writing for money" and mentioned two instances where conversations with himself had been reported in recent volumes of the kind, adding:—"I took part in neither of the conversations recorded; the writers evidently confused me with someone else, or indulged in deliberate invention."

Lord Curzon was then working on a book dealing with the Viceroys of India and, incidentally, he observed that since early youth he had made a point of allowing no day to go by without doing some kind of literary work. Though already at the time in far from good health, he spent many hours of a day supposed to form part of a holiday, in motoring a considerable distance to make a study of the amazing ruin of Bodiam Castle on which he intended to write a paper.

Already the question of who is to write Lord Curzon's life is being eagerly discussed. My own choice would be Mr. Harold Nicolson who, in his studies of Verlaine and Tennyson, has shown a remarkable biographical gift. While it is an open secret that most of the officials in the British Foreign Office disliked Lord Curzon, Mr. Nicolson was devoted to him. It is, however, believed that Lord Birkenhead has already undertaken to write the life.

An immense number of books will be published in London after Easter. But their names are probably all known in America. I will, therefore, confine myself to mentioning a volume which has not yet been announced. This is a new novel by Mr. Maurice Baring, which is to be called "Cat's Cradle," and which is to be even longer than "C." At the present moment Mr. Baring is the most fertile of those English authors who count from the literary point of view. He is publishing plays, short stories, and very long novels in quick succession, all considered "worth while."

A new literary Review called *The Calendar* is far the best thing of its kind that has appeared of recent years. The most amusing monthly feature is a searching and very frank analysis of some contemporary literary reputation. The first "Scrutiny" dealt with Sir James Barrie, and was written by Edgell Rickword, the editor of *The Calendar*. This month's "Scrutiny" is on Walter de la Mare, who may be now regarded as belonging to the small high company, which till lately included Conrad and Hudson, and of which the only living members are Hardy and Masefield, with Shaw as a still shadowy third.

Destructive criticism has never done any writer any harm. What does a writer, and especially an original writer, serious harm, is the sort of stupid, frivolous, criticism which embittered the whole working life of Gissing; mortified and angered Conrad in the days when he was only read and admired by a very small number of people, few of whom were reviewers; and which nearly ended Hudson's literary life. Hudson once told me that the reviews of his early books might have been each and all summarized in one sentence:—"Mr. Hudson's new volume is neither natural history nor romance; we are, therefore, at a loss to imagine to what public it can appeal."

The French call destructive criticism *une exécution*, and the most terrible example of French literary execution in our time, was an article by Julius Lemaitre on Georges Ohnet, author of "The Ironmaster." Ohnet, at that time, was not only the leading big seller in his own country, but in several other countries as well. Lemaitre's pitiless analysis of his literary methods, and of the poverty of his imagination, undoubtedly did him the most serious injury, and lost him, in France, thousands of readers.

Of late, English fiction has become threaded with either caricatures, or plainly recognizable portraits, of well-known living people. In a measure, no doubt, that was always so. Dickens and Thackeray were both angrily accused, during their lifetimes, of having used not only their friends, but their enemies, as "copy." But what they may have done in that way pales into nothingness compared to what is being done now.

To give an example, one of the most kindly, cultivated, and agreeable men in the inner world of London political and literary society—one, too, to whom painters and poets owe a great debt of gratitude for his constant, unobtrusive help and appreciation—has twice been thus held up to ridicule and even obloquy. The first time it was in a book by a writer of world-wide reputation who, in his turn and, it is said, to his great annoyance, has himself been grossly pictured in a recent "best seller." The second time one of the brilliant younger essayists whose slight volumes, even when obviously ephemeral, command long and respectful reviews, wrote what our forefathers would have called a lampoon, extending over many pages.

There are certain men and women who seem irresistibly to attract the creative mind. This is so well known with regard to Lady Oxford (Mrs. Asquith) that there can be no indiscretion in alluding to the fact. As Margot Tennant she did more than inspire "Dodo," Mr. E. F. Benson's satirical sketch of the smart London society of the nineties; and a much more pleasant presentment of the same lady as a girl was drawn by Miss Thorneycroft Fowler in a witty novel called "Concerning Isabel Carnaby." Years later, when writing "The Marriage of William Ashes," Mrs. Humphry Ward obviously intended to recapture the personality of that strange being, born a hundred years before her time, Lady Caroline Lamb. But the novelist described at length at least two incidents which might have figured (though I do not remember that they do so) in Mrs. Asquith's famous autobiography.

There are now two women belonging to the English worlds of politics, society, and art, who also seem to exercise this curious fascination over contemporary novelists, and one of them was so cruelly caricatured in a recent book that a distinguished poet was moved to write a sonnet in her defense!

But it has remained for a German dramatist, Carl Sternheim, to present by name in his play, "Oscar Wilde," a living man—the man being Lord Alfred Douglas. Lord Alfred has often proved that he can take care of himself; but what are we to say of the bad taste of introducing in the same play the lately dead Robert Ross, who not only has living relations who were devoted to him, but also a large circle of friends who deeply cherish and respect his memory?

A distinguished journalist, in that taking a leaf out of a French sociologist's book, lately persuaded certain noted British writers to tell him something both of their methods of work, and also—a more delicate question—how the creative portion of their brain functions. Some of the answers he received are of great interest to those concerned with the art and craft of writing. Mr. W. W. Jacobs, whom I, personally, place as high as any living story-writer, has apparently no fixed method of work; indeed he goes so far as to say, "My mind is generally in a state of chaos." Mr. Jacobs does his actual writing at night, a system more often followed by men than by women writers, though there are outstanding exceptions to the rule. George Sand sat down to her desk immediately after her large household had gone to bed. So did Mrs. Oliphant, whose most remarkable story, "A Beleaguered City," is probably well known in America, and who left, to be published after her death, one of the most poignant autobiographical records printed in any language.

Only one of the writers approached raised the question of health with regard to work. Mr. Richard Pryce was that one wise writer, and he wrote:— "I make it a rule never to try and write fiction when I am feeling tired." A great brain specialist once told the present writer that three hours' writing a day should be the utmost limit, where creative work is in question. Yet several of the novelists who have put their methods on record, declared that they can go on working for many hours on end. Cynthia Stockley states that when she has started a story she works from nine till five every day until the MSS is completed. A famous serial-writer, Captain Applin, declared—"I once wrote half a short story while flying in an aeroplane ten thousand feet up; I have worked in the African desert on an elephant's back; and on a tramp steamer with men using the most horrible language close to my ear."

Trollope once wrote a novel in the intervals of sea-sickness, but the result was the creation of a series of what a friend of mine used to call "wax-work characters" in the only story written by him of which that can be said.

SCRIBNERS

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Foreign Literature

Brandes and the Bible

SAGNET OM JESUS (The Legend About Jesus). By GEORG BRANDES. Copenhagen: Gyldendalske Boghandel. 1925.

Reviewed by Julius Moritzen

ON the title page of his latest work, Georg Brandes quotes the following from William Lloyd Garrison, and in the original English:

I will be as harsh as Truth
and as uncompromising as Justice.
I am in earnest.
I will not equivocate,
I will not excuse,
I will not retreat a single inch,
and I will be heard.

There is little doubt that whatever Georg Brandes writes commands a hearing. For more than sixty years the noted Danish critic has contributed to the literature of the world works that unquestionably have a value far beyond their immediate day and the environment in which they were produced. Among his major works, beginning with the "Main Currents in Nineteenth Century Literature" down to "Michelangelo," written but a few years ago, when Brandes was approaching eighty, there has never been a time when a new book by this writer was not considered a European literary event of consequence.

It is for this reason that one involuntarily asks himself the question with the appearance of "The Legend of Jesus," why did Georg Brandes enter a domain that, all things considered, is one with which he has not been identified to any notable extent? It is true that Bible criticism is not a strange employment for Brandes who, however, has treated of the Old Testament from the historical and literary point of view. But the very title of the "Legend of Jesus" sounds a challenge, and it is for this reason, no doubt, that the appearance of this little book in Copenhagen was the occasion for a flood of adverse criticism unexampled in the career of Brandes since those early years when he broke through all the usages of the day and established his literary "court" that set a new style in Scandinavian *belles lettres*.

That Brandes is cautioning his readers at the outset is observable from his quoting William Lloyd Garrison as he does. He throws down the gauntlet to the historians, and asks for more proofs than are at hand. To him the great Nazarene may or may not have walked this earth, as the record has it. He is not the first to say that the Four Gospels are not written according to their logical sequence. Brandes, in fact, goes over much the same ground that a number of others have already covered before him without their opinions having served any other purpose than strengthening faith in the good they stand for.

Now, allowing for the well-known irreligiousity of Brandes and considering the fact that he demands to be convinced, it is still most interesting to read what he has to say in the concluding sentence of "The Legend of Jesus": "It does not affect deific beings that they have their true existence, their only life, in the minds of men."

Does this not read like some kind of confession on the part of Brandes that, no matter whether a certain individual has lived and labored among mankind or not, the ideals expressed through the one or the other channel are the all-important thing? It is true that immediately preceding his concluding words we read that his great predecessor, Sören Kierkegaard, in his book, "Practise in Christianity," asks the question: "Can we learn anything about Christ from history?" And his answer is no.

However, all this has nothing whatever to do with the legendary supposition that Brandes advances in the case of Jesus, and it does not strengthen his case at all that edition after edition has been required by his publishers to satisfy the demands for his last book. Rather, it is an evidence that the old antagonism against this author has not yet died down, and that friends and foes alike are anxious once more to enter the arena for a trial of strength as to Brandes's real status as a constructive writer or iconoclast.

To the present reviewer, who may claim some familiarity with the productions of Brandes running over a series of years, the situation presents not a few perplexing features. It is of course a foregone conclusion that in the present instance Brandes's flawless style of writing retains that identical flexibility and color that years ago made him the precursor of what may be considered a new literary language in Denmark. Then again, his argumentative approach has a delightful freshness that no one can gainsay. The critic, as usual, does all that is possible with his material from his particular point of view. That he falls short in his effort to convince rests solely with the author who for reasons best known to himself selected a subject as illusive to the mortal eye as the very logic on which Christianity is based.

Brandes takes pains in his introduction to say that Wilhelm Tell was nothing but a legendary figure in spite of the fact that in Switzerland, as in many other countries, laymen for more than 600 years had never been in doubt that he was a farmer from Burglen in Canton Uri, a son-in-law of Walter Furst, also from Uri. It was Schiller's beautiful tragedy, inspired by Goethe, that advanced Wilhelm Tell to the status of the national hero.

"He has never existed," declared Brandes, "but it does him no injury. He is and remains an effective ideal, and as a symbol he rules the minds. The same applies to a figure who, like him, belongs to the legendary world, but who has exerted a totally different and decisive influence on European and American soul-life."

Here, again, we have Brandes qualifying sufficiently to make us feel that deep down within him there stirs a something that he is battling valiantly to keep hidden from view, but which now and then shows through all that he has written as truth-seeker and truth-finder. When we read his "Legend of Jesus" in this light we are almost ready to allow that after all he was justified to add his own version to the many that have preceded him. At any rate, as Brandes himself declares, it is the mind of man that in the final analysis settles the question of the deific beings in their relation to this earth of ours.

Foreign Notes

PIERRE BENOIT'S latest novel, "Le Puis de Jacob" (Paris: Albin Michel), is a departure from his earlier tales in that it is no longer a story of adventure. Laid in part in a Zionist colony in Palestine, and in part in Paris, it recounts the history of a woman who leaves a life of profligacy to marry and settle down in Le Puis de Jacob. In behalf of the colony she undertakes a trip to Paris and there falls back into her old manner of life, presumably to be rescued from it again by the call of race. M. Benoit writes of Zionist aspirations with sympathy, and the first half of his book, that depicting the Palestine colony, is said to be excellent. The second, portraying life in Paris, is more commonplace.

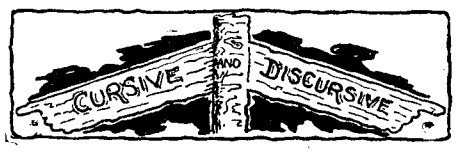
Students in history will find much to interest them in the scholarly study of German inns and innkeepers from the earliest times to the seventeenth century recently published in Berlin (Kohlhammer), by Johanna Kachel, under the title "Herberge und Gastwirtschaft in Deutschland bis zum 17 Jahrhundert." The book is annotated and has a comprehensive bibliography.

Of Bologna, one of the most honorable and delightful cities of Italy, there is much that can be written. In literature and art it once held primacy, and though it no longer can lay claim to first rank, it still, in its pleasant life, its famous unversity, and its many noble memorials of the past, is of surpassing interest. Signor Corrado Ricci, a native of the city, who was for many years Director-General of Fine Arts in Rome, has now published a volume in which portrayal of the present and recent past is pleasingly mingled with historical chronicle. "Ricordi Bolognesi" (Bologna: Zanichelli), as his book is called, contains much curious and illuminating information, discussion of art, and reminiscences of contemporary intellectual and artistic circles.

Dickens collectors will want a volume recently published by George Allen & Unwin, Ltd., of London, entitled "David Copperfield's Library," by John Brett Langstaff, with a "Prologue" by Sir Owen Seaman and an "Epilogue," by Alfred Noyes, and illustrations by several well known artists.

Erratum

By a regrettable error the tribute of Arthur Colton to the late Frank Moore Colby, run in the issue of *The Saturday Review* for March 28th, was published as a review of "Selected Essays" instead of "The Margin of Hesitation," his last book, as it should have been. The publishers of the volume, Dodd, Mead & Co., have called the attention of the editors to the fact that there is no book bearing the title "Selected Essays."



By THE PHOENICIAN

WE were recently invited to a performance of *Dan Totheroh's* prize play, "Wild Birds," at the Cherry Lane Theatre. We were not able to attend, but we have read the book of the play (Doubleday-Page) and must go on record as saying that we were impressed by it. The prize given Mr. Totheroh was in a contest conducted by the University of California for a play to be produced at its Greek Theatre. A committee composed of *Eugene O'Neill*, *George Jean Nathan* and *Susan Glaspell* made the award. *Charles G. Norris* and *Kathleen Norris* have written a slight foreword to the book. Mr. Totheroh strikes us as possessing a genuine dramatic gift and a poetic imagination. One thing only bothered us in his play, and that was the repetition of the dialect expression "air" (for "are" and "is") which seemed to us to occur *ad nauseam*. In the spoken drama, doubtless, its effect would not be so insistent as it is to the eye of the reader. * * * Having begun by reading *Conrad Aiken's* story "Hey, Taxi!" in his book of tales, "Bring, Bring!"—a story which contains an entirely unresolved situation—we are at least prepared to affirm that Aiken can write exceedingly vivid description and combine it with convincing tough dialogue. * * * Last night the annual May Day revel on the Village Green in the Hotel Biltmore was held successfully with the usual satyrs, nymphs, fauns, dryads, zephyrs, robins, sunbonnet lassies and rustic swains attending. *Edna St. Vincent Millay* represented the spirit of Spring, *Marjorie Bevans* was Queen and *Will Irwin*, King of the May, *Inez Haynes Irwin* was a Spanish Senorita who told fortunes, and *Eugene Boissevain* and *Arthur Davison Ficke* sold hot dogs and coffee. The proceeds of the revel went to the *Dr. Mary Halton* Endowment for Girls. * * * The two *Sitwell* brothers, *Osbert* and *Sacheverell*, burst forth with new volumes of poems last month. Osbert, in "Out of the Flame," we found superior to Sacheverell, in "The Thirteenth Caesar." Also, Sacheverell is printed in smaller type, owing to the greater volume of his work, which made him harder for us to read. Our money is on Osbert, both for his "Triple Fugue" and for these poems. The second section of his poems, which is composed of satires, presents to us gracefully Mrs. Freudenthal, and Mrs. Kinfoot who much preferred Hell to Heaven. How the latter leaned out on the Gold Bar of Heaven, and how it broke, is a delightful sequel to the equally delightful "Malgré Soi." And if sometimes we feel that Mr. Sitwell pursues these old War-Horses a trifle too ferociously we also appreciate the entertainment. * * * Boni & Liveright have now issued the Collected Poems of "*H. D.*" *Louis Untermeyer* compares her poems to "a set of Tanagra figurines," which is a better simile than anything we can think of ourselves. We congratulate her present publishers on the appearance of her book. Here are, in a beautiful format, "gold apples set with silver apple-leaf, white leaf of silver wrought with vein of gilt," in the poet's own beautiful words. * * * The *Harvard Advocate* recently surpassed itself in getting out a parody of *The Dial*. Somebody immediately purloined our copy and we have had great difficulty in recovering it. That shows how good it is. * * * Belatedly we have got around to reading *Thomas Burke's* "The Wind and the Rain," and unhesitatingly name it as the best autobiography we have read for several years. We aren't sure that it isn't the best work Burke has ever done. It is as exciting and richly colored as a first-rate novel and the author has remarkably conveyed the indelible quality of his early impressions of life, the incidents and the characters that move as across a lighted screen are all extremely vivid. * * * *Colin Campbell Clements*, whose second book, "Plays for Pagans" is now out through Appleton, has had an interesting life since 1894. He grew up in the West, where he went to college. He learned to act at Carnegie Institute in the East. He joined *Stuart Walker's* Portmanteau Theatre. Post-War work found him in Syria and Urfa. In the latter place he ran an orphan asylum and experienced a sixty days' siege. Once he nearly turned Mohammedan, almost married a princess, and for a year lived with the Roumanian gypsies. Now we find him running a bookshop on Beacon Hill in Boston. * * * Dulau & Company, Ltd., in London have brought out, at eight and six, two remarkable books of the past, *James Morier's* "The Adventures of Hajji Baba of Ispahan" and *Robert Paltock's* "The Life and Adventures of Peter Wilkins, A Cornishman." The latter is especially fascinating in its fantasy. It tells of Peter's shipwreck near the South Pole, of his going through a subterranean cavern into a new world where he meets with a Gawry, or flying woman, whom he finally marries. He is then "conveyanced" to the country of the Glumms and Gawrys, or men and women that fly,—and so on. *Edgar Rice Burroughs* could learn much from this original romance of the Eighteenth Century! The original illustrations of *Boitard* are reproduced in the present reprint. *Leigh Hunt*, *Charles Lamb*, *Southey*, *Coleridge*, and *Sir Walter Scott* were ardent admirers of Paltock's feat of prose.

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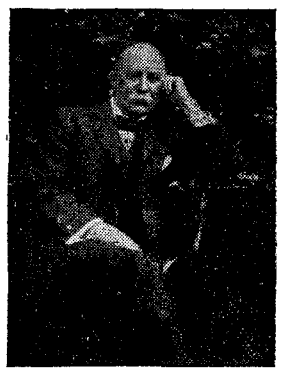
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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Art

LIFE DRAWING. By GEORGE C. BRIDGMAN. New York: Edward C. Bridgman. 1924.

In a large measure this volume may be considered as an additional collection of illustrations to the author's "Constructive Anatomy"; but there is also considerable explanatory text on the general method of drawing the figure with reference to principal block masses turned or twisted in different directions, on light and shade, on the alternation of rounded and angular surfaces as in mouldings, and in details of the head and other parts of the figure. The book is interesting and suggestive, and will no doubt be widely used. What makes for Mr. Bridgman's popularity as a teacher is exhibited in the striking emphasis and directness with which his ideas are "put across." One can almost hear the "Ah's" of the students as drawings similar to these are completed in the class room.

At the same time it is a curious fact that one cannot imagine a real connoisseur of drawings ever wishing to add the originals of any of these to his collection. It is probably due to the very fact that they are made to be so striking at the moment. They have little lasting quality. This is in line with the tendency of the artist to produce pictures with only the temporary exhibition in mind, to interest people who never look at anything attentively longer than five minutes. It is to be hoped, therefore, that a serious student would not adhere too closely to such drawings as models. One would fall into hopeless mannerisms if he did not at the same time study fine examples of style to be found in the drawings of the great Renaissance and modern masters.

Belles Lettres

THE GOLD-HEADED CANE. By WILLIAM MACMICHAEL, M. D. Hoeber. 1925. $3.75.

Few books about doctors have had a success comparable to the vogue of Macmichael's. The work is now a century old, lacking just two years. Its appeal is perennial, it would seem, for this is the third reprinting of the present edition. England at this moment is thrusting upon us a "remainder" of an excellent edition of the same work. We snap up each lot as she sends them over. The book, as every follower of the Appolonian art well knows, is cast in the form of five profitable and pleasant memoirs of the quondam possessors of the famous cane. Drs. Radcliffe, Mead, Askew, Pitcairn, and Baillie were men who deserved abundantly to be commended and memorialized in this conversable fashion and Macmichael was the fittest man in the realm to do it as it should be done, with address and a Georgian, spacious courtliness. The cane, in his eyes, was the symbol of an important dynasty in which was vested the soundest traditions of British medicine. This edition of the "Gold-Headed Cane" with the brief war-scored introductory letter by Osler and preface by Dr. Packard merits a favored station on the shelves of every medical library—better still, it should find lodgment among the winnowed few bed-side volumes of every physician.

THE LITERATURE OF LETTERS. Selected and Interpreted by JOHN B. OPDYCKE. Chicago: Lyons & Carnahan. 1925.

To quote the opening sentence from the Epistolary Letter: "This book purports to furnish guidance for the study of letters written by gifted and noted people." These letters are divided into eight different chapters, according to their chief point of emphasis: Life and Letters, Letter Quality, Engagingness, Humor, Individuality, Restraint, Movement, and "You" and "I." Each letter is prefaced by a summary sketch of the author and the person addressed and a brief explanation of its contents and epistolary qualities. Each chapter contains several pertinent exercises in letter writing; some of the letters are analyzed in a manner to disclose their singular qualifications. An adequate bibliography and index accompany the text. The book is attractively printed.

Mr. Opdycke has been associated with the teaching of letter writing for many years, and his factual knowledge of the epistolary art and its vast literature are manifest throughout the book. He has used sound judgment in regard to the number and quality of this selection. Most of the letters are written by men and women who were vitally connected with English life and literature during the last three centuries; several of the letters go back to Cicero, and a few are by prominent American writers. This manual should be of intrinsic value both to the mature admirer of well-written letters and to the young student of English composition.

STUDIES IN THE FIRST FOLIO. Oxford University Press. $2.85.

MEN SEEN. By *Paul Rosenfeld*. Dial. $2.50.

Biography

LADY MARGARET, A MEMOIR OF LADY MARGARET BEAUFORT. By E. M. G. ROUTH. Oxford University Press. 1925. $2.20.

Mr. Routh begins his biography auspiciously: "It has been said of Lady Margaret Beaufort, 'She was a gentlewoman, a scholar, and a saint, and after having been three times married, she took a vow of celibacy. What more could be expected of any woman?'" Then it becomes apparent that Lady Margaret was the mother of Henry the Seventh, who became King of England, in 1485, on the death of Richard at the Battle of Bosworth. It might be added that she was the head of the Lancastrian party, and as such was in a precarious position until Henry's accession ended the feud. Finally, Margaret endeared herself to scholars through her donations to schools, to the Church through her piety and her charity, above all the latter, and to the people at large through her beneficent influence over her son. This much Mr. Routh makes apparent; yet we cannot confess to an unflagging interest in the book from start to finish. There is an over-minuteness of description of jewels, book-covers, and dresses, with no compensating originality of either style or matter to justify great eulogy. One closes the volume with the feeling that though doubtless "Lady Margaret was a gentlewoman, a scholar, and a saint," yet that in none of these capacities could she have attained more than passing distinction.

Economics

EMPLOYES' REPRESENTATION IN STEEL WORKS. By BEN M. SELEKMAN. Russell Sage Foundation. 1925. $1.50.

This is a highly satisfactory study of workers' representation in the Minnequa Steel Works, operated by the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company in Pueblo, Colorado. In an industry as devoid of industrial democracy as the steel industry is, any step towards workers' representation is a step nearer that democracy. However, since the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company produces only two per cent of the country's steel and since it is forced to keep in line with the basic wage standards of the industry set by such powerful competitors as the United States Steel Corporation, the present plan is bound to prove far from satisfactory to the workers.

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This is not a very great advance. Still, as Mr. Selekman points out: "When one looks at these accomplishments and then considers the methods of the United States Steel Corporation, one must conclude that at least in one small segment of the industry the wage-earners have been afforded an opportunity to have a voice in determining conditions under which they must work."

Fiction

ROADS OF DOUBT. By WILLIAM MACLEOD RAINE. Doubleday, Page. 1925. $2.

The simple test by which stories of this kind are to be judged should preclude all qualifications of merit except an affirmative response to the vital demand: "Is it interesting?" We are confident that Mr. Raine's novel fulfils that essential in a

(*Continued on next page*)

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The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

measure as generous as that which his numerous following have found in the twenty odd preceding volumes from his pen. His setting for the present tale is the Canyon country near Denver, and his theme is one of combat between leaders of "big business" for control of a coveted railroad enterprise.

THE HOUSE WITHOUT A KEY. By EARL DERR BIGGERS. Bobbs-Merrill. 1925. $2.

Readers of "Seven Keys to Baldpate" will not be surprised to find in Mr. Biggers's new tale an entertaining story well told, with a dash of humor to give spice to its mystery, and a skilfully sketched in background to lend glamour to its incidents. By setting his narrative in Hawaii Mr. Biggers has achieved a double purpose:—he has lent plausibility to the informalities of its episodes and he has given it a jocular cast by his depiction of the transformation of Brahmin New England character under the insidious influences of climate and beauty. His Miss Minerva, product of super-Boston culture, whose alarmed relatives send out her no less aristocratic nephew, John Quincy Winterslip, to rescue her from dangerous dalliance in *dolce far niente* Waikiki, and John Quincy himself, with his allegiances, his inhibitions, and his strain of the roaming Winterslip blood leading him on to adventure after adventure in his search of a clue to the murder of his uncle, Dan Winterslip, are more vividly realized characters than those that people the great ruck of mystery tales. Mr. Biggers has a nice turn for a humorous situation—the closing incident of his book is delightfully amusing—and he has discovered at least one new trick in the detective story writer's bag. We find his Chinese detective a trifle wooden, but he preserves a becoming modesty, and he shares honors in the end with another. Altogether an interesting tale.

LUCKY IN LOVE. By BERTHA RUCK. Dodd, Mead. 1925. $2.

Bertha Ruck's novels must have an enormous vogue among sentimental working girls in London. If that is not the audience for which she consciously—and successfully—writes, this reviewer misses a guess. "Lucky in Love" would do very well as a newspaper feature page serial, provided the journal in question has what is called a mass circulation. The manners of London society are revealed to the eager reader with just that *savoir faire* and intimacy which so many adore. Marie Louise Threadgold, reduced to earning a living, does so by working in a beauty shop, Aphrodite's. To earn a few extra pounds she accepts an offer to double for a young lady at a masked dinner and ball. The adventures of that night furnish the contents of the whole book, thereby satisfying the demand of the readers already described for rapid romance. It should be said in commendation of this book that it is clean-minded.

OLD HURRICANE. By JULIA A. FLISCH. Crowell. 1925. $2.

This is the story of the struggles and sufferings, the sorrows and disappointments, the failures and successes of a poor family of settlers in Georgia in the days when the land was still being parcelled out by Colonial grant. "Old Hurricane" is the name of a particularly rich strip of land, which falls by chance in the hands of an amiable but incompetent young farmer and his no less amiable but capable wife; and the plot is concerned with their efforts to win a bare living from the soil, to resist a grasping neighbor, and to bring their family comfortably to maturity. The story is told with sympathy and understanding, with an evident knowledge of rustic types and conditions, and with a clear although not obtrusive portrayal of the background; and the book will undoubtedly prove entertaining to the reader who is interested in that type of narrative which, in recent journalistic verbiage, is known as an "epic of the soil."

THE WESTERN SHORE. By CLARKSON CRANE. Harcourt, Brace. 1925. $2.

After reading this novel one is convinced of at least three things. First, that American undergraduate life is a very sorry affair. Secondly, that such life is still good material for several first rate books of an activist nature. And third, that "The Western Shore" is not one of those books.

Mr. Crane is probably too near his story to benefit by the grace of perspective. Places, events, and people flatten out before him barrenly and he is quite unable to see the forest for the trees. The result is not plot but episodes whose connection is merely chronological; not portraits but sketches, the instantaneous individual rather than the completely comprehended. These individuals do not so much react as impinge upon one another. Nor is their environment in any sense a living protagonist. It is entirely geographical, one might almost say a back-drop, without life, without particular meaning.

One does not expect to see life steadily and whole through a first novel. One does, however, expect to find revealed a fresh and vivid personality, that of the author. In this, Mr. Crane disappoints us. He fails to realize the tragedy or the pathos of the lives he depicts. It is permissable that Mr. Crane should acquiesce to such lives. He is under no moral obligation to protest. As an artist, however, he is under obligation to give line to his chaos, no matter how dull and meaningless that chaos may be. That obligation Mr. Crane has not fulfilled.

WILD ASSES. By JAMES G. DUNTON. Small, Maynard. 1925. $2 net.

The publishers of this novel say that "it must be taken as representative of American college life in general." They would have been more correct if they had said that the life represented was that of any American High School. About the book there is nothing characteristically collegiate. Students play poker, shoot craps, go on parties; they meet nice girls and girls who are not so nice; they are tempted and resist; they are tempted and succumb.

All this the author points out as if it were something new, something exclusively of this generation, something essentially collegiate. Yet these things might have happened to Octavus Roy Cohen's negroes in Birmingham. Somehow you feel that it doesn't matter much anyway what happens to the ghost-like presences which move against the hazy background of Mr. Dunton's book, that they are not as important as they or the author think.

From this book, you do not get the impression of a sincere artist concerned in rendering an authentic cross-section of life. You think, rather, of the village cut-up on vacation from college, regaling pimply faced youths in the pool-room behind the barber-shop with tales of the wild doings of college boys. Then, into the village come the heroes of his tales, and lo, they are neither gods nor devils, but tin-horn sports apeing the ways of men of the world.

Purporting to be a novel, "Wild Asses" trails off into a dull hybrid, part essay, part sermon. In handling material demanding dramatic treatment, Mr. Dunton balks at the scene. He appears to lack eclecticism; to be unaware of the dramatic moment. The explanation is that he lacks fundamental training in composition. The writing is atrocious.

NUMEROUS TREASURE. By ROBERT KEABLE. Putnam. 1925. $2.

Numerous Treasure is the name of the heroine of this story, of a beautiful Polynesian half-caste called by her dissolute Irish father after a brand of Chinese cigarettes. When Ronald Herrick, a young English poet, came to Naiau in the days before the war, he succumbed to its charm and fell in love with Treasure. After casting aside his life-long culture and habits to enter a new life with her, he found the past reappearing with the news of the war. Ronald returned to England, leaving Treasure as the mistress of the man he had visited. And when, four years later, Ronald came back he found Treasure dead, a victim of overwork during the "flu" epidemic that had swept the island; and himself returned to England and the life into which he really fitted.

In spite of the fact that much of it is capably and even movingly written, something prevents this novel from being successful. For one thing, it never rises above the level of fiction into the quickly recognizable level of life. Though neither too romantic nor too sentimental in actual treatment, it lingers in the memory (perhaps unjustly) a sentimental romance, as a story lacking the compulsions of reality. That it should happen in a far-away place is not of necessity responsible for this, since it is often easier to believe concerning what we have not seen and known than what we have. But in this case the romantic atmosphere covers the reality of the people, and they come to grips with their problems behind a veil.

Mr. Keable seems eager to knock on the head the pictures of the South Sea drawn by Stevenson and Louis Beck; but he makes his own hardly more real and distinctly less charming. At the same time these pages do show some approach to the beauty of the islands, and a good many of the descriptions—though pure description can never rise to atmosphere—have an authentic color and shape. The people are less convincing; and though one does not personally know, one can have one's doubts about the islanders and the Chinese after encountering the American missionary, Silas Titus, whose personality is about as credible as his preposterous "Yankee" diction.

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THOSE DIFFICULT YEARS. By *Faith Baldwin.* Small, Maynard. $2 net.

THE HOUSE OF SECLUSION. By *Marion Harvey.* Small, Maynard. $2 net.

SIMON THE COLDHEART. By *Georgette Heyer.* Small, Maynard. $2 net.

Miscellaneous

OUR HARBORS AND INLAND WATERWAYS. By FRANCIS A. COLLINS. Century. 1924. $2.

This is a rather dry account of the physical development of our more important harbors and inland waterways. It has a wealth of description and is illustrated with numerous photographs. Moreover, —thanks to the assistance of Major Church, which is fittingly acknowledged in a foreword—it is unusually free from the errors which generally accompany an interpretation of technical problems into popular language.

Lack of maps handicaps the descriptions of most of the harbors, though in the excellent account of the Port of New York this is overcome. In the chapters on Canals this lack is particularly noticeable as their relation to the country at large and to the transportation lanes is their most important factor.

Popular knowledge about each of our different means of transportation is most desirable as an aid towards the solution of this great problem of public interest. But each one, whether waterway, highway, or railway, should have its relation to the others clearly expressed, for as the country has grown they have become more and more interrelated and interdependent. This phase the present volume does not touch.

QUOTABLE ANECDOTES. Collected by *D. B. Knox.* Dutton. $2.50.

A HANDBOOK OF THE OUTDOORS. By *Earle Amos Brooks.* Doran.

THE ARCTIC FORESTS. By *Michael H. Mason.* Hodder & Stoughton. $6 net.

THE RIDDERHAND (Semi-Shorthand). New York: Corneil Ridderhof. Times Building.

DOMESTIC HANDICRAFTS. By *M. Helen Murray.* Pitman.

PRINCIPLES OF EQUITATION. By *Baretto de Souza.* Dutton. $5.

COUNTRY LIBRARY SERVICE. By *Harriet Catherine Long.* Chicago: American Library Association. $1.75.

GREAT UNIVERSITY MEMORIALS. University of Chicago Press.

THE ELEMENTS OF CHESS. By *J. Du Mont.* Harcourt, Brace. $3.25.

HEREDITY IN NERVOUS AND MENTAL DISEASE. Hoeber. $3.75 net.

(*Continued on page 734*)

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Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review.*

A BALANCED RATION

THE MOTHER'S RECOMPENSE. By *Edith Wharton* (Appleton).

THE SPIRIT OF THE HOUR. By *Dallas Lore Sharp.* (Harpers).

THE COLLECTED POEMS OF H. D. (Boni & Liveright).

C. O. M., Boston, Mass., charmed by "Quinney's Adventures" (Doran), asks if there are other novels built around collecting, showing a real knowledge of the subject.

THIS is the second novel by Horace Annesley Vachel to present the curio-dealer who figured in "Quinney's" (Doran) a season or so since. He runs a shop frequented by famous collectors and each story in the series is concerned with some object of art. No wonder novels are made of such material: there is something adventurous in the very idea of such collecting, and the methods of it bulge with romance. The great collections of England, how they figure in fiction! "A Voice from the Dark," Eden Phillpotts' latest crime-mystery story (Macmillan) turns on a collection of ivory carvings. Along with a story whose mystery is not in who did the crime—this is revealed by the picture on the cover—but in the means by which confession will be extorted, there is expert information on old ivories. The largest and most varied collection in recent fiction is in "The Great House in the Park" (Duffield), whose author is at last revealed as Anna Robeson Burr. This collection keeps at the head of an excellent and well-sustained intrigue, and there is the same loving interest in bijouterie and furniture that there was in old books in her earlier "The House in Smith Square" (Duffield). "The Van Roon," by J. C. Snaith (Appleton), takes place in a curio shop, but the proprietor is not so circumspect as Quinney; the excitement is over an "old master," and the interest is largely in the tricks of trade. "The Doom Window," by Maurice Drake (Dutton), is so far as I know the only novel in the world based on stained glass; the hero, like the author, is an expert in making and judging it, and the plot hangs on a trick of forging "old" specimens. The most vivacious part, though, is the effect produced on this young man by his first visit to New York City, where he comes as consulting expert and sees all sorts of life with eyes fresh from an English cathedral town. In all these there is enough technical detail to make the book interesting for that, and not too much to get in the way of the story.

C. L. W., Cleveland, O., asks for books that will "gently introduce him to the profundities of philosophy."

If it be that of the Greeks, "Greek Philosophy," by M. E. J. Taylor, one of the World's Manuals of the Oxford University Press, is lucid and concise: in 138 pages the student interested but as yet uninformed may get not only information, but the materials of understanding the broad outlines of thought from Thales to Plato. The little volume in Holt's Home University Library, C. C. J. Webb's "History of Philosophy," is as good a brief introductory survey as the beginner will need. The inquirer says that the books "cannot be too elementary," but then, philosophy does not come at all in words of one syllable.

Of expositions of the thought of contemporary philosophers, one of the most lucid is Thomas Flournoy's "Philosophy of William James" (Holt). Bergson has been elucidated as often as Einstein: "Bergson for Beginners," by D. B. Kitchin (Macmillan) and J. A. Gunn's "Bergson and His Philosophy" (Dutton) are some of them. But both these men had a brilliance and vitality of style that no simplifier can match.

"A Reader's Guide Book" has a chapter on the approach to philosophy for people of various temperaments and interests. This is a pursuit to which many call themselves and few choose to keep on, but if these books just named catch the spirit of the student, he will find sign-posts marking the way for several types of philosophy reading-courses in the R. G. B.

N. T., Perth Amboy, N. J., asks for biographical data on Edwin Muir.

HIS father was a farmer in the Orkney Islands, where he was born in 1887; his schooling stopped with his fourteenth year, when the family moved to Glasgow and he became a clerk. Beginning with poems in the *New Age*, his prose aphorisms in the same magazine were published in England and here as "We Moderns" and heralded by H. L. Mencken. In 1919 he became assistant editor of the *New Age* but soon gave up editorial work and went to live in Germany. "Latitudes," a collection of his critical essays, was published here by Huebsch last year, and his "First Poems" have just come from the same house. He now lives in Buckinghamshire, where he is continuing the official translation of Gerhardt Hauptmann.

G. L. B., New York City, sends as contribution to the list on Greek music, "The Study of the History of Music," with an annotated guide to music literature, by Edward Dickinson (Scribner), saying that the author says: "In spite of the labors of modern scholarship, Greek theory remains a perplexing subject." Among the books he refers to are the "Oxford History of Music," vol. 1, Riemann's "Catechism of Musical History," "The Story of Notation," by Williams, Helmholtz's "On the Sensations of Tone," and for general views of the various aspects of Greek music the musical histories of Chappell, Naumann, and Rowbotham.

N. H. R., A. and M. College, Miss., asks whether Henry Van Dyke's "Humoreske" is poem, sketch or story, and where found? It is in the volume of short stories called "The Unknown Quantity," by Henry Van Dyke, published by Scribner.

(*Continued on next page*)

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Points of View

The Art of Writing

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

SIR:

Your formidable contributor Frances Newman lays it down that "from the year when 'Persuasion' was published to the year when 'The Ordeal of Richard Feverel' was published, no writer of English fiction seems to have believed that every word in a novel must justify its right to be written down, and that the justification must be a charm of its own, quite apart from its mere meaning."

I see in Miss Newman's article a repetition of the blunder which I encounter nearly every time I read newspaper criticism. That blunder consists of a complete unawareness of the fact that a good piece of work is integral. Coleridge says, "The organic form is innate; it shapes, as it develops, itself from within, and the fulness of its development is one and the same with the perfection of its outward form. Such as the life is, such is the form." True it is that "every word in a novel must justify its right to be written down," but justification lies in the general idea of the book and general idea's implications and not on "a charm of its own, *quite apart from its mere meaning*." This last phrase is quite astounding in its betrayal of want of any real appreciation of in what the art of writing exists. Science begins with measurement. So does the making of literature.

"When a writer," says Arnold Bennett, "conceives an idea he conceives it in a form of words. That form of words constitutes his style, and it is absolutely governed by the idea. The idea can only exist in words, and it can only exist in one form of words. You cannot say exactly the same thing in two different ways. . . . An idea exists in proportion as it is expressed; it exists when it is expressed, and not before." I quote from a book with a humble title: "Literary Taste and How to Form It," a book that panjandrums pass by, but which is the best thing of its kind since Hazlitt's essay "On Poetry in General." So far from the "charm," of which Miss Newman so glibly speaks, being "quite apart from its mere meaning," it depends for its charm on that meaning, for "every word" that "justifies its right to be written down" is a judgment of identification or a judgment of relation. The very rhythm is a part of the meaning since bad rhythm means rhythm which fails to bring out the meaning . If there is an analogy of sound (as opposed to rhythm) present, that onomatopœia is also part being an amplification of the meaning. There are of course those people who hold that there is "a charm of its own" in mere sound and rhythm. But I doubt if they have analyzed the problem sufficiently closely.

"Literature" is not "music," and "music" is not "literature." This little fact, like Goethe's "Art is called art because it is *not* life," is apt to be forgotten. The "meaning" of music is not the "meaning" of literature. In literature we have something explicit with those analogies of sound, rhythm, sight, etc., *which are appropriate to that which is being made explicit and are part of it inasmuch they are inalienable and the meaning would not be fully expressed without them.* Music exists, as it were, in the abstract. If we could put it into words it would no longer be music and insofar as it strays from the abstract (as often in the music of Richard Strauss) it ceases to be music. So with literature. The perfect sentence is the sentence which expresses the "meaning" with the maximum economy and suggestion. In achieving this economy and suggestion every kind of analogy is made use of. None of these analogies is really detachable or has "a charm of its own." It is mere preciosity to consider that it has. The champions of this pious heresy usually attempt to knock their opponent down with "Twas brilig and the slithy toves, etc." Here, however, we are discussing more particularly prose and the prose of the novel. In any event when "'Twas brilig" has been lifted against me I have usually persuaded my opponent to lay aside this weapon in consideration of the fact that the real enjoyment of the sound values and the clash and slither of its consonants arises not from what these consonants are in themselves but from what they suggest—that is, from being (as it were) analogies to a meaning (different for each of us) that hovers just below or outside the range of consciousness, a meaning which is composed of the succession of nearly-brought-into-consciousness words which Carroll's words-which-are-nearly-words-but-not-quite suggest.

May I conclude by suggesting that Miss Newman has forgotten "Jane Eyre" ('47), "Wuthering Heights" ('47), "Shirley" ('49), "Villette" ('53) and Rossetti's little romance "Hand and Soul" ('50). It seems to me that, despite the faults evident in some of these works, they are written by artists very conscious that "every word" must "justify itself," not, I will say, "by a charm of its own, quite apart from its meaning," but certainly by a charm or, as I prefer to call it, "a degree of appropriateness which produces beauty." This is at any rate true of "Withering Heights" and "Villette" and "Hand and Soul," books which contain some of the most superb English prose ever written. I do not suppose that Miss Newman will grant Miss Mitford and Maria Edgeworth much quarter, but I should like to mention "Our Village" and "Helen," albeit I do not insist on them.

Yet for all this, there is a good deal in her earlier contention that "English fiction offers excellent evidence that we dissolved the political bonds with England just in time to escape the degeneration of its prose" if by "prose" is intended the prose of the novel. If it is not so intended, Miss Newman is confronted during the period '18-'57 by Hazlitt, Landor, Lamb, all of first-rate importance insofar as "charm" (degree of appropriateness which produces beauty) is concerned, and by such very considerable artists as De Quincey, Ruskin, Kinglake, Newman, Cobbett (yes, Cobbett!), Carlyle, Napier.

But perhaps the "appropriateness" is not everything even in the novel. For, though of course this appropriateness is sufficient to preserve a fifth or sixth-rate from oblivion, there are several great figures who manage to survive with only a spasmodic gift of it. Let me introduce Smollett, Scott, Dickens, Samuel Butler (of "Erewhon"), Hogg ("Memoirs of a Justified Sinner"), Jeffries, Borrow, etc., and finally, perhaps the greatest novelist England has ever possessed—Thomas Hardy. He has chosen to write in prose or it has been forced upon him by circumstance. This may account for some of the clumsiness. For he is by nature essentially a poet, and an epic poet. In conversation he told the present writer that he had "always wished to be considered as a poet." I should therefore perhaps alter the phrase "greatest novelist" to greatest epic poet since Milton.

Yours truly,
ROBERT NICHOLS.

P. S.—Miss Newman has forgotten Meredith's father-in-law, Peacock, with his "Nightmare Abbey" (the same year as "Persuasion"), "Maid Marian" (1822), "Misfortunes of Elphin" (1829) and "Crotchet Castle" (1831). Meredith's debt as a writer to Peacock is considerable.

Lee's "King Edward"

To the Editor of the *Saturday Review*:

SIR:

It is perhaps disappointment that causes me to write this letter; for I had hoped that *The Saturday Review* would lead the field of real American criticism in reviewing Lee's "King Edward VII."

Mr. Schuyler's paper is, of course, unimpeachable from a didactic point of view. For two columns it reads like a compressed, independent commentary on the Prince's life and its narrow pedantry would seem more in order in the lecture room than in the pages of *The Saturday Review*. Not in all this space is there a line that can be construed as criticism. Finally, in the last column, we are told that "the student of international affairs . . . will find much new matter. . . ." The writer then goes on to labor a point about the author's anti-Kaiser bias that was hammered by P. W. Wilson in his review in *The New York Times*. This and a mild chiding for failure to include or explain the *contes gras* about the Prince are the substance of the writer's comment.

It is idle, I think, to suppose that Americans, such as *The Saturday Review* reaches, are not interested in a biography of Britain's late king. Still less is it true that they are ignorant of his life and its significance in history. Why, therefore, the historical illumination? Why the academic attitude? Why the almost total absence of criticism?

One might think that there is nothing to criticize but there is. J. E. C. Bodley, writing in *The Manchester Guardian*, points out that the tone of the book is hostile to the Prince Consort and that the biographer is guilty of numerous inexactitudes, etc. But I think the maze of detail and the sometimes deep incursions into the general history of the period are more weighty objections.

As biography Lee's book is certainly important and it is even more certainly a necessary if long, dull, and sometimes pompous introduction to the second volume which will surpass the first in importance and will doubtless throw considerable new light on the position and influence of the Sovereign in the government of the country.

The publication during the last century of a considerable number of important memoirs augmented in no small measure our knowledge of constitutional theory and history. Bagehot, confessing his inability to crack the nut in which the political power of the Sovereign is hidden, wrote: "We shall never know, but when History is written our children may know what we owe to the Queen and Prince Albert." The observation remains true to a lesser extent of King Edward and King George, and Sir Sidney Lee should be able to lay the ghost of many rumors and tell us in his second book, as he has in the first, what Britain owes to King Edward.

It is, of course, impossible to say where criticism should begin and where it should end, but it is important that it should do both. If, for example, Mr. Schuyler had discussed the significance, or the insignificance, of this biography, had breathed a word about the author's "heaviness" or given him credit for several remarkably interesting chapters on the Prince's childhood, if in a word he had been discriminating and yet not hypercritical, I should admit that his paper was a review and was of some merit, utility and purpose, which I protest it was not. T. J. C. MARTYN.

New York

The Reader's Guide

(*Continued from preceding page*)

L. M. H., Huntington, W. Va., is fascinated by the Hippocampus Hudsonia or rather, as nothing could be fascinating under that name, with the sea-horse, and asks me whether that fantastic creature has figured in poetry or fiction? I have looked in vain: all I recall is certain airy pictures of F. S. Church in which mermaids were riding them. Is anyone else riding a sea-horse hobby? If so, let L. M. H. know about it. And if anyone knows of a character in English sporting literature who correlated all his dates with sporting events, such as his wedding day with the Derby, or of another named Sir Thomas Equinus, T. W. M., Detroit, would like to know about them.

R. B., Jersey City, N. J., asks for books on Africa, fiction or otherwise.

BOOKS on Africa come now so fast that though I answered this question not long ago, there is already a new list from which to answer it again. "Woodsmoke," by Francis Brett Young (Dutton), is still its best tale of psychic and other adventure, with the best ghost of the decade; "Pilgrim's Rest," his earlier novel (Dutton), belongs chronologically just after this. The most important addition to contemporary fiction with an African theme, however, the novel that goes deeper into human life and history than any other from there, is clearly "God's Stepchildren," by Sarah Millin (Boni & Liveright). It goes through four generations of mixed blood in South Africa, and at such a rate of speed it makes all other family chronicles seem to mark time, yet there is no more hurry than in the Ghost's walk in "Hamlet." "Dominion" is a historical novel by John Presland (Stokes) about Cecil Rhodes, melodramatic and with a vampire lady, but keeping close to details of the Jameson Raid, and with Dr. Jameson as second gentleman. Olive Schreiner's life is followed by "The Letters of Olive Schreiner" (Little, Brown) edited by her husband, S. C. Cronwright-Schreiner, and of the two the letters are more explosive. They are meat for the psychologist: one sees, among other things, why she took so kindly to the "dream" type of literary expression. There is to be a new volume from Llewellyn Powys, to follow his "Black Laughter"; the name is to be "Skin for Skin" (Harcourt, Brace). "Hell's Playground," by Vera Simonton (Brentano) comes back into print because "White Cargo" has been said to derive from it. "The Little Karoo" (Doran) is the latest to appear at this time of writing: eight tales of the plain in Cape Colony called "little" only in comparison with the vast "Great Karoo" to the north. The author, Pauline Smith, is introduced with enthusiasm by Arnold Bennett: one at least of the stories, "The Pain," ranks with the best coming from England. She is a doctor's daughter, born and brought up on the veldt.

D. R. M., Columbia, Mo., suggest Susan Glaspell's "The Verge" as an expressionistic play for the list of *D. G., Portland, Ore.*, "the strangest and yet truest modern play I have read in a long time." And in a whisper, for I am almost afraid to start the rush that I did before, I tell *H. C. W., Washington, D. C.*, that the man who originated the "Shelfless Library" is Dr. William P. Baker, of the Syracuse Post Standard, Syracuse, N. Y., from whom, for a dime, one may get slips to paste in your book asking the recipient to pass it along to someone else when he has read it.

The New Books

(*Continued from page 732*)

Poetry

PROFILES FROM HOME. By EUNICE TIETJENS. Knopf. 1925. $1.50.

Poetry, the behaviorists insist, is an indiscretion in youth, and thereafter a sign of mental arrest. Mr. Emanuel Carnevali, in baiting editors here, used to counter with the assertion that man's progress in time was from adolescence downward. Whichever way truth lies, it is fairly certain that some poets fail, in a lifetime of effort, to equal an early, unstudied poem. Eunice Tietjens (Mrs. Cloyd Head) is apparently a case in point. Her "Profiles from China" contained vignettes of picturesque charm, but somewhat calm in tempo. Her new "Profiles from Home" is filled with that horror of ugliness and disorder which is perhaps an inevitably sensitive and responsible affirmation of beauty. Yet that first volume, "Body and Raiment," and particularly "The Bacchante to Her Babe," has an unforced lyrical rapture that does not seem to have been repeated in the later work. "The Bacchante," according to reliable authority, was written at the age of eighteen.

The title, of her new book, of course, commits Eunice Tietjens to the rôle of spectator of life, rather than its antagonist, face to face. The Chinese sketches adapted themselves, in subject, to such non-coöperation. One could, after all, share, in honesty, only the two dimensions of manner and circumstance in that alien scene. Those pictures of Chinese dandies, strange customs, and the compact little tragedies of the expatriated, rootless whites, carried a wealth of suggestion, for all their flatness. The poet conveyed much in saying little. Curiously enough, on her own soil, Eunice Tietjens gives little in setting down much.

The following segment from "Albuquerque" is fairly typical:

This is a railway station, set in the desert.
It is not a bad building, designed in early mission, with an Indian pueblo attached for show.
The transcontinental fliers drop off tourists here.

The intention may be of a bald, stripped style, almost unaccented. Its effect of descriptive representation may consort exactly with Eunice Tietjens' purpose. One may not like it, but one may not quarrel with it. It is, however, possible to question the sense of a too personal sneer. Satire is clean and detached and hard; it hurts and heals. A sneer is a boomerang. To find the cheap and tawdry, merely, even in the cheap and tawdry, is, perhaps, straightforward, but not very startling. And the cost is too great, as witness "Sunset from Brooklyn Bridge"; it intimates a mood of rare and worshipful beauty, and it almost swings away into singing perfection. The observer is brought into the thing, spoiling the cadence, and blurring the fantasy with after-thoughts. It would seem to be the penalty for writing these clever, malicious portraits, that are almost too clearly recognizable; these delineations of revealed stupidity and grossness; and these contemptuous references, as "Radio," to falseness in popular taste. There was magic in "The Bacchante to Her Babe"; where has it gone?

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The World of Rare Books

By FREDERICK M. HOPKINS

SALE OF McALENNEY LIBRARY

THE library of the Rev. Paul F. McAlenney of Hartford, Conn., with additions, comprising choice standard sets of American and English authors, collected sets of first editions, rare first editions, illuminated manuscripts, and autograph letters and authors' manuscripts, were sold at the American Art Galleries April 14 and 15, 616 lots bringing $57,777. The highest price, $4,100, was paid for an exceptionally fine fourteenth century illuminated manuscript, "Missale Romanorum, cum Calendario," written in bold gothic characters in black and red, 377 leaves of pure vellum, 230 miniatures, thick folio, full contemporary stamped calf over heavy oaken boards, Venice, *circa*, 1370.

Other interesting items in this important sale and the prices realized were the following:

Alken. *The Sporting Repository*, with colored plates by Henry Alken and others, 8vo, half morocco, London, 1822. First edition of this short-lived periodical. $550.

Apperley (C. J.). "The Life of a Sportsman," colored plates by Henry Alken, royal 8vo, morocco by Zæhnsdorf, London, 1842. First issue of the first edition. $400.

Audubon (J. J.). "The Birds of America," 500 colored plates, 7 vols., royal 8vo, contemporary morocco, New York, 1840-44. First octavo edition. $460.

Clemens (S. L.). "Writings," 35 vols., 8vo, three-quarters levant by Stikeman, New York, 1922. $285.

Dickens (Charles). A collected set of the Christmas Books, 5 vols., 12mo, original cloth. Fine set, all first editions but one volume. $280.

Egan (Pierce). "Real Life in London," colored plates by Henry Alken and others, 56 original parts in 33, 8vo, London, 1821-22. Rare first editions in weekly parts as published. $510.

Emerson (R. W.). "Friendship," modern illuminated manuscript, 8vo, jewelled levant morocco by Sangorski and Sutcliffe, London, 1910. $475.

Harte (Bret). "Writings," 19 vols., 8vo, three-quarters morocco, 1896-1903. Author's autograph edition. $340.

Hawthorne (Nathaniel). "Writings," 22 vols., 8vo, three quarters morocco, Boston, 1900-1905, Author's edition. $330.

Illuminated Manuscript. "Historiaux de la Bible," manuscript of the French school, fifteen century, 2vols., royal folio, many beautiful miniatures. $3,100.

Jonson (Ben). "Workes," 2 vols., small folio, levant morocco by Reviere, London, 1616-1640. First collected edition. $375.

Kipling (Rudyard). "Writings in Prose and Verse," 27 vols., 8vo, morocco by Zæhnsdorf, London, 1897-1910. Macmillan's edition de luxe. $450.

Scott (Sir Walter). Complete Works, Waverley Novels, Poetry, Prose, and Dramatic Writings and books containing contributions by Scott. Finest collected set ever offered at public sale in this country. $850.

Thackeray (W. M.). "Floret et Zephyr," folio, original wrappers, London, 1836. Rare first edition. $750.

AT THE ANDERSON GALLERIES

SPORTING and historical colored plate books; first editions of Shelley, Dickens and Thackeray; manuscripts of Mrs. Browning, Mark Twain, Stevenson, and Thackeray, with other rare and valuable books from the libraries of Mrs. William A. Taylor of this city, and Andrew D. Baird, 2d, of Brooklyn, with additions, were sold at the Anderson Galleries, April 13 and 14, 393 lots bringing $29,544.50. The star lot proved to be a Stevenson manuscript of 9 pages, "Robin and Ben; or, the Pirate and the Apothecary," which brought $2,000. The two sessions were well attended and many of the rarer lots fetched high prices.

A few of the more important lots and the prices realized were the following:

Apperley (C. J.). "The Life of a Sportsman," colored plates by Alken, royal 8vo, original cloth, London, 1842. First issue of the first edition. $700.

Surtees (R. S.). "Jorrock's Jaunts and Jollities," colored plates by Alken, 8vo, cloth, London, 1843. Second edition by first with Alken plates. $650.

Browning (Elizabeth Barrett). Manuscript of "Julie; or, Virtue," 15pp. 4to, written when the poet was ten years of age. $390.

Burney (Frances). "Evelina," 3 vols., 12mo, original calf, London, 1778. First edition. $480.

Clemens (S. L.). Manuscript of "The $30,000 Bequest," 81pp. 8vo, in morocco binding. $1,000.

Westmacott (W. M.). "The English Spy," colored plates by Cruikshank, Rowlandson, and others, 2 vols., royal 8vo, levant by Zæhnsdorf, London, 1825-26. First edition with suppressed Rowlandson plate. $300.

Dickens (Charles). "Master Humphrey's Clock," 3 vols., royal 8vo, morocco, London, 1840-41. Author's presentation copy with inscription. $305.

Goldsmith (Oliver). "The Vicar of Wakefield," 2 vols., 12mo, contemporary calf, Salisbury, 1766. First edition. $925.

Gray (Thomas). "An Elegy wrote in a Country Church Yard," 4to, polished calf, London, 1751. Second edition. $200.

Hudson (W. H.). "Fan," 3 vols., 12mo, cloth, London, 1892. Used library copy of the first edition. $430.

Keats (John). "Endymion," 8vo, levant by Zæhnsdorf, London, 1818. First issue of the first edition. $365.

Masefield (John). "Salt-Water Ballads," 12mo, buckram, London, 1902. First edition of the author's first book. $155.

Meredith (George). "Poems," 12mo, cloth, in case, London, 1851. First edition of the author's first book. $125.

Cruikshank. *The Scourge*, with colored plates by George Cruikshank, 12vols., 8vo, morocco, London, 1811-16. Complete set in good condition. $850.

Stevenson (R. L.). "The Pentland Rising," 12mo, wrappers, Edinburgh, 1866. First edition of the author's first publication. $240.

Thackeray. "Vanity Fair," 20 parts in 19, 8vo, original wrappers, London, 1847-48. First issue of the first edition, a few advertisements missing. $1,000.

* *

A rare collection of clippings representing a complete newspaper history of sixty years of the New York stage, beginning with Edwin Forrest and Charlotte Cushman in 1880, will be placed on exhibition at the New York Public Library early in May. This exhibition will include hundreds of volumes collected by the late Robinson Locke of the Toledo *Blade* and will be supplemented by rare miscellany and memorabilia of long forgotten "first nights" loaned from other sources.

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The Constant Nymph

by **Margaret Kennedy**

At bookstores, $2. *Doubleday, Page & Co.*

The Phoenix Nest

THIS gray rectilinear city etched on the dulled silver of a sunless sky, stamped glaring white on the burnished brass of a bright day, massed in stippled gold against a high blue night,—this great mailed dragon-worm of a city that crawls coruscating along its peninsula between two rivers, impaling the clouds with towers and gnawing underground in a maze stranger than any ever fashioned by grand-daddy Dædalus, —this multi-windowed city of garish reflections and stunned wonder offers us many enchantments; nor least among them is the increasing number of its small temples to the written word.

We do not refer to libraries, though, aside from the large public library and its many branches, there are now innumerable lending libraries in all sections of the city. We mean the bookshops to which so many of these smaller libraries are adjunct. Through whatever district you chance to be passing it seems that just around the corner some attractive nook in some building is made gay by the ingeniously designed and colored covers of the new books, crammed vividly with contemporary fiction, biography, history, and the continuous chronicle of adventure.

Downtown, off Church Street, for instance, one can easily locate that delightful off-shoot of the McDevitt-Wilson store, a most individual bookshop and lending library tucked away upstairs, on a side street. On Eighth street, where once alone the Washington Square Bookstore bloomed, it is now neighbored by the Penguin Bookshop, with the Unicorn on the other side of the street, and another vivid literary dispensary just across Sixth Avenue and around the corner on Christopher. Fare from the west side to the east on Eighth past Wanamaker's and you find yourself in an enchanted region of second-hand stores with tables of books out on the pavement all along lower Fourth Avenue—this for a reminder, providing you have failed downtown to tryst with the second-hand bookstores on Vesey, Barclay, or Ann. The old Ann Street Bookstore run by the Mendozas has especial flavor. It is there, or upstairs in Thoms & Eron's on Barclay, that you are likely to find especial treasures. The elevator, rising to the latter eminence of odd volumes, is—or has been, in our own peregrinations—manipulated by a lean and saturnine individual of much mystery, and the stairs crook quaintly and are dark and odd.

Uptown near the Grand Central Station there is, of course, the Sunwise Turn and the region above Forty-second Street attracts with the shops of Laurence Gomme, the Brick Row, the Neighborhood Bookshop, and so on. Straying as far as the beginnings of the Park you can go east on Fifty-ninth into another curious and delightful neighborhood of the second-hand. And there is always Brentano's midway of the lower avenue off Madison Square, a caravanserai of books of which all the new and smart little bookshops somehow seem the fantastic offspring.

We have, naturally, named but a very few in our casual survey. A new bookshop directory of New York is badly needed. A thorough bookshop canvass of the city, accomplished by some entertaining writer would uncover rich material. The multiplicity of places where books are sold cries for a complete classification; and in this classification such odd comers as, for instance, that of Liggett's drugstore in the Grand Central, where the 25c. and 50c. counters have occasionally yielded us rare spoil, should not by any means be forgotten, —nor Womrath's, in the same great edifice, Womrath's lending library, the Alexandria of novel-consuming commuters! Except that you may, on the other hand, be a Long Island commuter—and then, of course, you will patronize the Doubleday-Page Bookshop in that vast and echoing aisle leading from Seventh Avenue into the grand rotunda of the Pennsylvania Terminal.

It takes much more than mere love of literature and the possession of æsthetic sensitiveness to establish a new bookshop. We say advisedly "establish," not "start." Like every other shop, a bookshop is subject to the iron laws of supply and demand. Problems of location, rental, overhead, turnover, and so on, are as onerous in this as in any other retail business. These material details must be grappled with and the administrators of the shop must also possess themselves continually of all information possible in regard to their stock. It comes down to intensive reading and highly intelligent "browsing." The force of any other retail store does not face the same problems in stock-renewals. Even the clothing stores, furnishing the latest fashions, are not confronted with the multiplicity of entirely new, different, and individual products that the bookshop attempts to sell. And publishers' salesmen can furnish, in general, but little really helpful information. Some few titles perennially sell themselves. But both to anticipate and properly to direct the public taste in the matter of its yearly reading, the demand upon the bookseller is really for almost all the forethought, insight, alertness, discrimination, assiduity, and vivacity of which the human mind is capable.

The bookshop has in its keeping (not to wax too intent upon this subject) a veritable cure of souls. Somewhere in an odd corner is the book that holds the phrase that you —or I—will always remember, the words of someone that will sink into your spirit—or mine—to fructify beyond prophecy. Somewhere on the shelves your hand, or mine, will fall upon a volume in which there is (as it might be) the key to a door against which the soul has bruised itself time and time again,—some window to new wisdom, some sudden prospect of peace. Or else there leaps from that book a lively spark that can kindle even dead ashes,—or faint from the pages rings (faint as that fabled horn in the Pyrenees) the beseeching trumpet of our true destiny. It is marvelous what a book may hold!

In the marketplace they sell bread and meat that men may live, and adornments for the body and comforts of the flesh. But among the merchants are those who will sell you a sword, or a torch, a phylactery, or a banner, all immaterially wrought. They sell you these in what are apparently mere cut and bound sheafs of printed pages. But if they had a device—these booksellers —we think it might well display those "hypocritic days" of whom Emerson sings, who, "like barefoot dervishes," bore diadems and faggots in each hand.

W. R. B.

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